

MR. MACAULAY'S WORKS.
LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME. 16mo. 4s. 6d.
 Illustrated Edition. Fcap. 4to. 21s.
THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the
 Accession of James II. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 22s.
CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS.
 Library Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.
 Complete in One Volume. Square cr. 8vo. 21s.
 In volumes for the pocket. 3 vols. fcap. 8vo. 21s.
SPEECHES, corrected by Himself. 8vo. 12s.
 Speeches on Parliamentary Reform in 1831 and
 1832. 16mo. 1s.
 London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

In 1 vol. 8vo. with many hundred Woodcuts, price 50s.
LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDEN-
ING: Comprising the Theory and Practice of Horticulture,
 Floriculture, Arboriculture, and Landscape Gardening; including
 all the latest Improvements, &c. A New Edition, corrected and
 improved by Mrs. LOUDON.
 London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

In a thick volume, 12mo. with 12 Plates, price 14s. cloth; or with
 the Plates coloured, One Guinea, cloth.
THE BRITISH FLORA; Comprising the
 Phenomena of Flowering Plants and the Ferns. The
 sixth Edition, with Additions and Corrections; and numerous
 Figures illustrative of the Umbelliferous Plants, the Composite
 Plants, the Grasses, and the Ferns. By Sir W. J. HOOKER,
 F.R.S. and L.S. &c.; and G. A. WALKER ARNOTT, LL.D.,
 F.R.S. and L.S. Ed., Regius Professor of Botany in the University
 of Glasgow.
 London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

The Sixth Edition of the first two volumes, being the popular
 portion of the original work, corrected, and considerably en-
 larged, and now appearing in a distinct and separate form, in
 2 vols. 8vo. with five Coloured Plates, price 31s. 6d.
AN INTRODUCTION TO ENTOMOLOGY;
 or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects: comprising
 an Account of their Metamorphoses, Food, Stragisms, Habita-
 tions, Societies, Motions, Noises, Hybernation, Instinct, &c.
 By W. KIRBY, A.M. F.R.S. and L.S.; and
 W. SPENCE, Esq. F.R.S. and L.S.
 London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

THE RUSSIAN EXILE.
 Shortly will appear Kotzebue's highly-interesting Drama,
 COET BENJOWSKI; or, THE CONSPIRACY in KAMT-
 SCHATKA, with Notes in English adapted for the use of Schools
 and Private Tuition, by E. ALBRECHT, M.A., Professor of
 Languages, St. Jean-street, Soho, Author of 'The German Delectus
 and Key,' &c. &c.
 London: Dulau & Co. Soho-square.

ART AND ARTISTS IN ENGLAND.

Now ready, 3 vols. 8vo.

**THE TREASURES OF ART IN
GREAT BRITAIN.**

Being an ACCOUNT of the CHIEF COLLECTIONS of PAINTINGS, SCULP-
 TURES, MSS., &c., in this Country.

By Dr. WAAGEN,

Director of the Royal Gallery of Pictures at Berlin.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

THE POPULAR NEW NOVEL.

Now ready at all the Libraries, in 3 vols.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

By LADY BULWER LYTTON,

Author of 'Chevely,' &c.

"Mr. Disraeli is cleverly characterized under the name of Benaraby, and other political notorieties
 whom it is easy to recognize. The work is very lively, very brilliant, and wonderful ability is displayed in
 almost every page."—*Globe*.

CHARLES J. SKEET, 10, King William-street, Charing-cross.

Now ready, price 6s.
**PROFESSOR HUNT'S
MANUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY.**
 Fourth Edition, revised.
 London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co.

Just published, in fcap. 8vo. price 4s.
CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY: a Vindica-
 tion of the Divine Authority of the Christian Religion,
 grounded on the Historical Verity of the Life of Christ.
 By Rev. WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D.
 London: Longman & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

Now ready, price 2s.
MODERN GREEK GRAMMAR, for the Use
 of Classical Students: with a Sketch of Modern Greek
 Literature.
 By JAMES DONALDSON, M.A.
 Greek Tutor to the Edinburgh University.
 Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. London: Longman & Co.

Just published, in crown 8vo. price 7s. 6d.
HUNGARY, PAST AND PRESENT;
 the Chief Periods in its History from the Magyar Conquest
 to the Present Time: with a Sketch of Modern Hungarian
 Literature.
 By EMERIO SZABAD.
 Late Secretary under the Hungarian National Government of 1849.
 Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. London: Longman & Co.

Just published, 8vo. price 1s.
TWO PAPERS ON CHURCH MUSIC, read
 before the Liverpool Ecclesiastical Music Society, by the
 Rev. AUGUSTUS CAMPBELL, A.M., Rector of Liverpool.
 Liverpool: Deighton & Laughton. London: Livingtons; and
 J. H. Parker.

Now ready, Vol. I. price 2s. 6d. bound in cloth,
BIBLE HISTORY, in Language suited to
 Children of Six or Seven Years old.
 London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

VILIKINS AND DINAH.
 This day, with Illustrated Cover, price 1s.; by post for 1s. stamps.
**THE Pathetic Legend of 'VILIKINS AND
DINAH,'** with Eight Characteristic Illustrations by GEORGE
 THOMSON. To which are appended Notes, Critical and Ex-
 planatory.
 London: Tallant & Allen, 21, Warwick-square, Paternoster-row.

Just published, crown 8vo. 6s. cloth.
**LECTURES ON FEMALE SCRIPTURE
CHARACTERS.** By the late Rev. WILLIAM JAY, of
 Bath.
 "All Mr. Jay's excellencies and peculiarities are exhibited in
 this volume."—*Evangelical Magazine*.
 "Intrinsically, it is a work of solid comfort and instruction."
 "Had the book been published without the author's name,
 those conversant with his writings would have no difficulty in de-
 tecting, at every turn, the presence of their favourite author."
 London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

This day is published, price 6s. 6d.
THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CALEN-
DAR for the Year 1854.
 Deum timete: Regem honorate: Virtutem colite: Disciplinis
 bonis operam date.—*Sint. Acad. Cantab.*
 Cambridge: John Deighton. Sold in London by Longman &
 Co.; F. & J. Rivington; Whittaker & Co.; Simpkin & Co.; John
 W. Parker & Son; George Bell; and by Deighton & Laughton,
 Liverpool.

**THE POPULAR NEW NOVELS,
READY AT EVERY LIBRARY.**

**EMILIE CARLEN'S NEW NOVEL,
JULIE; or, LOVE AND DUTY.**

**MRS. MOODIE'S NEW NOVEL,
FLORA LINDSAY.**

**NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE DUCHESS,'
THE CARDINAL.**

"An exquisite love story."—*John Bull*.
 Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

SEVENTH EDITION, in 1 vol. with numerous Illustrations,
 7s. 6d. bound.
**THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE, and their
TESTIMONY TO HOLY WRIT.**

A POPULAR SYSTEM OF THE SCIENCES.
 By S. W. FULLON, Esq.

Dedicated by permission to the King of Hanover.
 "The skill with which the sciences are treated is not the least
 marvel of the volume. Such a book is more than a literary
 triumph."—*Globe*.
 Hurd & Bland, Publishers, successors to Henry Colburn, 13,
 Great Marlborough-street.

GALLIGNANI'S PARIS GUIDE.
 Now ready, an entirely New and Corrected Edition of
GALLIGNANI'S GUIDE TO PARIS, compiled
 from the best Authorities, revised and verified by personal
 inspection, and arranged on an entirely New Plan, with Map and
 Plates. 18mo. 10s. 6d. bound. May be had without Plates, 7s. 6d.
 bound.
 "Gallignani's Paris Guide appears so good as to relieve the Editor
 of this work from the necessity of entering into any description,
 at present, of the French Capital."
Murray's Handbook of France.
 London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Stationers' Hall-court.

Nearly ready, fcap. 8vo.
**DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY.—The First
Part.—HELL.** Translated, in the Metre of the Original,
 with Notes, by THOMAS BROOKSBANK, M.A. Cambridge.
 London: John W. Parker & Son, West Strand.

By the Rev. JOHN C. MILLER, M.A., Honorary Canon of
 Worcester; Rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham.
THE DYING JUDGE'S CHARGE echoed
 from the Christian Pulpit, in a PLEA for the RECRE-
 ATION of the WORKING CLASSES, as essential to their
 Social and Religious Elevation; an Amaze Sermon, preached at
 Warwick, March 25, 1854, before the Hon. Sir JOHN TAYLOR
 COLERIDGE, With Notes and Appendices on SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
 PEWS, and on the DIVISION of the CHURCH SERVICES.

By the Rev. JOHN C. MILLER, M.A.,
 Chaplain to the High Sheriff of Warwickshire.
 London: T. Hatchard, Piccadilly.

Now ready, price 1s.
THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S CORRE-
SPONDENCE with the CHURCHWARDEN of ST. PAUL'S,
 WILTON-PLACE, on the POPISH PRACTICES at the said Church,
 with the Adjuration of his Lordship and Archdeacon SINCLAIR,
 Charles Winton, Hyde Park-corner.

Just published by the NATIONAL SOCIETY, and sold at the
 Depository, Fancourt, Westminster.
MANUAL OF METHOD; for the Use of
 Teachers in Elementary Schools. By W. F. RICHARDS,
 Head Master of the National Society's Central School. Price
 2s. 6d. 142 pages, 12mo. bound in cloth boards.
 The Book contains Chapters on the following Subjects: School
 Organization—Discipline—The Qualifications of the Teacher—
 Methods of Teaching—Religious Instruction—Teaching, Reading,
 Spelling, Grammar, and Etymology—Writing, Arithmetic, Geo-
 graphy—Miscellaneous Subjects—Evening Schools—with School-
 Plans, Time-tables, and other Information.

**EQUIVOCATION as TAUGHT by ST. ALPHONSUS
LIGUORI,** discussed in the
RAMBLER for APRIL. Price 1s. 6d.; by post,
 2s. Also in the same Number, Catholic Hymnology—
 Disraeli's Biography—England's Picture in the Census, &c.; with
 copious Notices of Current English and Foreign Literature.—The
 MAY Number will contain an Article on 'NUNS, MONKS AND
 JESUITS,' also on recent NOVELS and ILLUSTRATED
 BOOKS, &c.
 The rapidly increasing circulation of the RAMBLER renders it
 an excellent medium for ADVERTISING all Works in general
 Literature, School Books, &c.
 Offices, 17, Portman-street, and 61, Paternoster-row; and sold by
 every Bookseller in Town and Country.

LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
 (Price THREEPENCE,)

EDITED BY DOUGLAS JERROLD,

Stands, in the Official Return of Stamps,

**FOR THE YEAR 1853 at - - - 4,648,025
BEING A WEEKLY AVERAGE of - - - 89,387**

From the commencement of 1854, the Journal has risen every week,

ITS NUMBER FOR APRIL 9 BEING - 106,054

This FACT, in its full significance of FIGURES, is submitted to the consideration of all ADVERTISERS.

NEW WORKS NOW READY.

THE THIRD PART of the ONE PRIMEVAL LANGUAGE: The MONUMENTS of ASSYRIA, BABYLONIA, and PERSIA. With a Key to the RECOVERY of the LOST TEN TRIBES. By the Rev. CHARLES FORSTER, M.A., Rector of Stisted. 8vo. 21s.

Also, now ready,

PART I. The VOICE of ISRAEL from the ROCKS of SINAI. 8vo. 21s.

PART II. The MONUMENTS of EGYPT. 8vo. 21s.

HISTORY of OLIVER CROMWELL, and the ENGLISH COMMONWEALTH. By M. GUIZOT. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

"Every way worthy of the high and European reputation which the author has acquired both as a philosopher and a statesman. M. Guizot has exhibited a large mass of evidence now for the first time published. It is a highly interesting work."—*John Bull*.

DISCOVERY of the DESTROYED CITIES of the PLAIN—SODOM and GOMORRAH. By M. DE SAULCY, Member of the French Institute. New Edition in 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

"The most striking discovery within the range of Biblical antiquity. The disinterment of Sinech is, as a matter of feeling, a small matter compared with the discovery of Sodom and Gomorrah. We do not remember anything of a more thrilling interest. There is something so strangely awful in the idea of these monuments of Divine vengeance yet remaining, after six-and-thirty centuries, with the marks of the instrument of their overthrow still visible upon their blasted ruins."—*Guardian*.

SCANDINAVIAN ADVENTURES, during a Residence of upwards of Twenty Years. By L. LLOYD, Author of 'Field Sports of the North.' In 2 vols. royal 8vo. with upwards of 100 Pictorial Illustrations of Sporting Adventures, &c. 42s.

"Handsome volumes, profusely illustrated, composed of a sportsman's pleasant gossip, mingled with observations in his favourite department of natural history. The woodcuts of animals in these volumes are very beautiful. The landscapes are truthful and spirited."—*Literary Gazette*.

HISTORY of the WAR in AFGHANISTAN. By JOHN WM. KAYE. 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.

"We may say of a period of history unsurpassed in variety of action and inconsistency of fortune, that the language in which it is here related enhances the natural interest of the tale."—*Times*.

LADY LOUISA TENISON's CASTLE and ANDALUCIA. In imp. 8vo. with 44 beautiful Illustrations. 2s. 2s.

"A highly interesting record. Lady Tenison's illustrations prove her as skilful with the pencil as she is pleasant with the pen. There is novelty in her choice of subjects—taste and artistic feeling in their treatment."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

TABLE TRAITS and SOMETHING ON THEM. By DA. DORAN. Small 8vo. 6s.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of an INDIAN-ARMY SURGEON. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE GREEK and THE TURK; or, POWERS and PROSPECTS in the LEVANT. By KYRE EVANS CROWE. In post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

"A volume specially interesting at this juncture. Mr. Crowe is an expert literary man, a well-informed politician, and an observant traveller. His facts are valuable, and his descriptions vigorous, fresh, and picturesque."—*Scotsman*.

LIFE in THE MISSION, THE CAMP, and the ZENANA. By MRS. COLIN MACKENZIE. New Edition, thoroughly revised, with a new Preface, in 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"A fitting companion to the delightful letters of Bishop Heber. One of the greatest charms of the book is its perfect genuineness."—*Athenæum*.

RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington-street,
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET.
HURST & BLACKETT,
Successors to Mr. Colburn,
WILL SHORTLY PUBLISH
THE FOLLOWING NEW WORKS.

MEMOIRS and CORRESPONDENCE of MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. NOTT, G.C.B. Envoy at the Court of Lucknow. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait.

RECOLLECTIONS of MY MILITARY LIFE. By COLONEL LANDMANN, late of the Corps of Royal Engineers, Author of 'Adventures and Recollections.' 2 vols.

The AMERICANS AT HOME; or, BYWAYS, BACKWOODS, and PRAIRIES. Edited by the Author of 'SAM SLICK.' 3 vols.

AUBREY: a New Novel. By the Author of 'EMILIA WYNDHAM.'

ALSO, JUST PUBLISHED,

TRAVELS in BOLIVIA; with a TOUR across the PAMPAS to BUENOS AYRES. By L. HUGH DE BONELLI, of Her Britannic Majesty's Legation. 2 vols. 21s.

FOREST LIFE in CEYLON. By W. KNIGHTON, M.A. SECOND EDITION. 2 vols. 21s.

The Baroness D'OVERKIRCH'S MEMOIRS, illustrative of the SECRET HISTORY of the COURTS of RUSSIA, FRANCE, and GERMANY. 3 vols.

"The Baroness D'Overkirch, the intimate friend of the Empress of Russia, wife of Paul I., and confidential companion of the Duchess of Bourbon, saw much of Courts and courtiers, and her remarkable Memoirs are filled with a variety of anecdotes of Emperors and Empresses, Kings and Queens, and reigning Princes and Princesses. The book possesses the value of a work of information, which, in the interest of historical truth is, without exaggeration, almost incalculable."—*Observer*.

THE NEW NOVELS.

ATHERTON. By Miss Mitford, Author of 'OUR VILLAGE,' &c. With Portrait of the Authoress, and other Illustrations. 3 vols.

"It is a long while since 'Our Village' saw the light; but though we regret to learn that the physical strength of the amiable writer has felt the effect of increasing years, there is a consolation in seeing that her mental endowments are as fresh and vigorous as ever. 'Atherton' is a performance of rare natural sweetness and didactic power—a publication of exceeding attraction, especially for families and family reading. The story is of a dramatic kind, and distinguished rather by the drawing of the dramatic persons than by the complication of the plot. The great and abiding charms of Miss Mitford's productions are the most perfect simplicity, and a freshness of description which cannot be surpassed."—*Illustrated News*.

PHEMIE MILLAR. A Scottish Story. By the Author of 'THE KINNERS.' 3 vols.

PROGRESS and PREJUDICE. By Mrs. GORE. 3 vols.

"This entertaining and particularly clever novel is compounded with admirable tact. 'Progress and Prejudice' is not a novel to be analyzed, but to be praised, and that emphatically, as a piece of unexceptionable light reading."—*Examiner*.

"Progress and Prejudice" will insure to the author a fresh accession of well-earned popularity. "John Bull."

"Mrs. Gore has produced nothing more worthy of her name and fame than 'Progress and Prejudice.'"—*Critic*.

JANET MOWBRAY. By CAROLINE GRAUTOFF. 3 vols.

"This very pleasant tale of 'Janet Mowbray' is a love story, and a very good one—full of agreeable variety and interest. It is told gracefully and easily, the writing is good, and the dialogue is natural. The charm of the novel lies so much in its merit as a whole, that we find it difficult to quote a fragment likely to convey any just idea of its deservings. It is remarkable for healthy feeling, and this is made the healthier in its impression on the reader by the pleasant appreciation of country air and country scenes that is felt everywhere in it. Really, 'Janet Mowbray' is a good spring novel, full of such feeling as the spring brings with it."—*Examiner*.

"Janet Mowbray" is well and carefully written, in a pleasant, healthy spirit."—*Athenæum*.

REGINALD LYLE. By Miss PARDOE. 3 vols.

"Superior to any of Miss Paroed's former productions."—*Morning Post*.

"An excellent novel, containing a great variety of well-drawn characters, and keeping up the interest of the reader to the last page."—*Atlas*.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITIONS OF RECENT WORKS UPON

RUSSIA, TURKEY, GREECE, SWEDEN and DENMARK, &c.

I.

THE SECRET HISTORY of the COURT and GOVERNMENT of RUSSIA, under the EMPEROR ALEXANDER, and the PRESENT CZAR, NICHOLAS. By J. H. SCHNITZLER. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait of the Czár, 16s.

"The latest writer on Russia, and in our judgment the best; for he is thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and is impartial and dispassionate."—*Church of England Quarterly Review*.

II.

THE CZAR NICHOLAS, his COURT and PEOPLE. By JOHN S. MAXWELL. Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"A graphic description of Russia."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

III.

The DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES—THE FRONTIER LANDS of the CHRISTIAN and the TURK. By A BRITISH RESIDENT of TWENTY YEARS in the EAST. Third Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

"The best work on the Danubian Principalities."—*Literary Gazette*.

IV.

ANADOL: the LAST HOME of the FAITHFUL. By the AUTHOR of 'THE FRONTIER LANDS of the CHRISTIAN and the TURK.' 8vo. 12s.

"The Author of 'Anadol' has had more experience of the Greeks than most people."—*Quarterly Review*, just published.

V.

JOURNAL of a RESIDENCE in the DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES in the AUTUMN and WINTER of 1853. By PATRICK O'BRIEN. Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"Mr. O'Brien won his way through hosts of Cossacks to the very heart of the Russian position, and was present at the battle of Ottenitz."—*Examiner*.

VI.

PICTURESQUE SKETCHES of GREECE and TURKEY. By AUBREY DE VERE. 2 vols. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

"Incomparably above every other work on the subject."—*Examiner*.

VII.

LETTERS FROM THE DANUBE. By the Author of 'GISELLA.' 2 vols. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

"Pleasant pictures of this picturesque district of Europe."—*Athenæum*.

VIII.

STAMBOUL, and the SEA of GEMS. By the Author of 'The Bridal and the Bride.' Post 8vo. 5s.

"We have seldom read a more vivid picture of Constantinople, and the society there."—*Morning Herald*.

IX.

SIXTEEN MONTHS in the DANISH ISLES. By ANDREW HAMILTON. 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s.

"The best handbook for the Danish Isles."—*Globe*.

X.

RAMBLES in SWEDEN and GOTT-LAND. By SYLVANUS. 8vo. with Illustrations. 7s. 6d.

XI.

RUSSIA and the RUSSIANS; comprising an Account of the Czár Nicholas and the House of Romanoff. With a Sketch of the Progress and Encroachments of Russia from the Time of the Empress Catherine. By J. W. COLE, H.P. 21st Fusiliers. Small 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Also, next week, in small 8vo. 3s. 6d.

XII.

DR. ROBERT LEE'S DIARY during a Stay in RUSSIA in 1825-26—the LAST DAYS of the EMPEROR ALEXANDER and the FIRST DAYS of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington-street,
(Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.)

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1864.

REVIEWS

Memoirs of the Court of Prussia. From the German of Dr. Edward Vehse, by Franz C. F. Demmler. Nelson & Sons.

It may be doubted whether any hundred and fifty years of any Court, lying within the boundaries of the German tongue, could yield so many characteristic figures as the Court of which the annals include such a pair of sovereigns as Frederic the Great and the beautiful Queen Louisa.—Thus, for those who love anecdotes of kings and their consorts,—not in the spirit of a *Polonius*, but as philosophers curious to observe the forms into which high station and artificial life can mould natures harsh, or enthusiastic, or truthful,—such a book as Dr. Vehse's could hardly fail to be full of interest, even were it executed ill. This, however, is not the case. We will not assert that the subject is exhausted by our author, since the published memoirs, literary and political, of the time,—not to speak of private family records and traditions still in existence,—furnish a positive *Pelion* of matter, which it is next to impossible that any single chronicler should wholly appropriate.—Nor do we find in Dr. Vehse that perception of character and circumstance, such as could have here found an ample field for its exercise, whether he was contemplating the works and the whims of the philosopher of Sans Souci, or adjusting the claims to martyrdom of "the weary Queen" who sleeps at Charlottenburg.—But our qualification has reference to the richness of the subject rather than to any deficiency on the part of him who has treated it. The Memoirs are full of entertainment;—lightly written, and apparently translated with due care. The uninstructed may consult them with edification;—the well-informed may return to them for the refreshment of recollection.

It is difficult to deal with a cluster of narratives every page of which suggests a thought and comparison, or yields some marking and precious trait. Perhaps, in place of running through the entire chronicle, it may be best to illustrate its nature, by dwelling on some particular portions of it,—leaving the rest for gleaners and readers who come after.—We do not get far from the title-page, nor any great distance into the memoirs of Frederic William the First, before a host of notices stops us. That strongly-marked monarch from an early hour of his life would be a German, a true German, and nothing but a German;—loathing the French, and causing the French ambassador, De la Chetardie, to be satirized on the stage, (for old Frederic had the stage under the heel of his "spatterdashes and square-toed shoes");—hating, as a devout brother-in-law should, our George the Second—abhorring England, as a land of sin;—more patient and just to those patient and just people, the Dutch;—but giving his "fullest sympathies" to Russia.—The full sympathies of this staunch German monarch, however, were only to be reached up the backstairs. Now, on almost every step of the back staircase there was a fresh warder to be passed and propitiated,—among others a dozen *chasseurs*, whose business it was, during the monarch's frequent illnesses, to sit up with him, and beguile the night after the fashion of *Scheherazade*;—nay, and functionaries more important than these,—

"The four valets of the king, each of whom had a salary of four hundred dollars a-year, and whom he used to select from respectable burghers' families. Three of them had considerable influence: Abt, Brandhorst, and most of all, Eversmann, who at the same time acted as castellan of the palace. This

influence of the valets was not lost sight of by the court of Vienna, where it was very well known that the lesser personages about the king were people of very great weight. When Seckendorf, in 1726, became ambassador in Berlin, he wrote on July 5th to Prince Eugene: 'The expense at this court is by no means small, as you are obliged to have all the lesser personages on your side.' According to Seckendorf's accounts of court expenditure, as communicated by Förster, Eversmann had a pension of one hundred dollars a-year from Vienna, besides which he received presents from all those who wished to employ him. The English ambassador, at the time when the double marriage between the two royal families was in contemplation, gave him five hundred dollars, which the valet had no sooner pocketed, than he went to betray the ambassador to the king. Even Frederic the Great, as crown prince, once in a letter to Grumbkow, dated April 14, 1733, speaks of him as a '*boute-feu*, who was prejudicing his father against him;' and the Margravine of Baireuth calls him a monster, '*un vrai suppôt de Satan, qui ne se plaisait qu'à faire du mal, et qui étoit mêlé dans toutes les cabales et intrigues qui se faisaient.*' The valets were, after their discharge, generally appointed as post-masters."

In those days of universal bribery it may be predicated that the eagle of Russia not seldom amongst the huntsmen and valets took the form of a golden eagle. In these days of reproduction, when there is nothing new under the sun (except it may be hoped the English Diplomat superior to corrupting and to corruption), when wars, and treaties, and alliances, and subsidies are once more the words in every one's mouth,—it would be instructive could we know precisely to what extent the "mystery" of the "Golden Eagle and the Valets" had been revived at Court in Prussia within the last ten years.

Curious it is, again, to notice how this coarse, despotic German king seems to have delighted not merely in the accumulation, but also in the display, of treasure.—

"The frames of the looking-glasses, and even of the pictures in the royal state-rooms, were of silver; the arms and legs of the fauteuils, at least, cased with a thick coating of the same precious metal. The crowning piece, however, was the famous 'silver choir,' a raised orchestra of the finest embossed silver, in the 'Hall of Knights' (Rittersaal) of the palace in Berlin. * * The large chandelier of the same hall was worth twenty-seven thousand dollars; and here was also placed the splendid Augsburg sideboard; besides which, the throne, a chair covered with crimson velvet, was likewise mounted in silver. Not less magnificently furnished with plate was the White Hall, the large chandelier of which had cost fifty-five thousand dollars. The sum expended by Frederic William in this way amounted to one million dollars and a half; part of the precious furniture being of Berlin, and part of Augsburg manufacture."

More curious still is the display of the Prussian monarch in the bosom of his family. He had his reader Gundling, who was also Aulic Councillor, President of the Academy of Sciences, Master of the Ceremonies,—as such compelled to wear a suit with obnoxious French cuffs and a flowing wig of "white goat's hair,"—and Buffon.—

"The king, at last, also conferred upon him, in 1726, the dignity of chamberlain. The golden key, the badge of this new office, having been cut off his coat one evening while he was dead drunk, the king threatened him with the punishment of a soldier who had lost his gun. Gundling had to wear for eight days a wooden and gilt key, nearly a yard long, on his breast; after which the lost golden one was handed to him again. To guard, however, against future accidents, he had it fastened to his coat with a strong wire by a locksmith. All these dignities and offices were conferred on Gundling only to turn them into ridicule and to make sport of him. In the tobacco club, they made him the butt of the most amusing, coarse, and even cruel practical jokes. Frederic

William cared only for soldiers; learned men were to him 'pedants, quill-drivers, scribblers,' who must be made to feel the superiority of the military. There were certainly not many *servants* like Leibnitz. One of the devices for baiting Gundling was, to make him read to the company the most insulting articles against his own person, which the king had sent to the editors of the daily papers for insertion. This was, however, one of the most innocent tricks. The king, who used himself to drink very hard, loved to make his guests drunk; his daughter even states that he did so to her bridegroom, the hereditary Prince of Baireuth, on his wedding-day. Gundling was very often so overwhelmingly plied with liquor, as to grow utterly helpless. After having thus carried the day against learning, the king and his officers would commence playing off the coarsest and roughest pranks at the expense of the poor ex-professor. They fixed all sorts of figures of asses, monkeys, and geese, on his dress of state, and corked his face. A monkey, in a dress exactly the counterpart of that which the professor wore, and decorated with the chamberlain's key, was placed by his side; the king then declared the hideous brute to be a natural son of Gundling, who was forced to embrace his alleged offspring before the whole company. At Wusterhausen, where there were always some young bears running about in the court-yard, several of these beasts were laid in his bed, and although their claws were clipped, so as not to be able to lacerate him, they nearly crushed him to death with their hugs, so that he spit blood for several days. Another time, in winter, when at night he was walking home, after a heavy carouse, over the drawbridge of the castle of Wusterhausen, four strong grenadiers, by order of the king, seized him, and jerked the ponderous man with ropes up and down in the ditch until he had broken the ice. This scene, which afforded particular amusement to his Majesty, had to be repeated, and was even painted. Several times, on coming home, Gundling found the door of his library walled up, and instead of retiring to rest, had to wander about during the whole night seeking for a place of shelter. He was also sometimes bombarded in his library with rockets and squibs. The tormented *savant* at last escaped to his brother, the celebrated professor and chancellor of the University of Halle, Nicolaus Hieronymus. The king, however, sent for him back again, and at first pretended to reserve to him the punishment of deserters; but, observing him to be uncommonly quiet, his Majesty had recourse to the old bait of flattery his vanity. The most unbounded praises were lavished on him; he received an increase of salary of one thousand dollars a-year; and, moreover, he was on this occasion ennobled with the precedence of a baron of sixteen quarters. Yet, only three years after, another very eccentric scene was arranged to make sport of him. By order of the king, a popular author of the time—Fassmann, a native of Wiesensthal, in Saxony, Gundling's rival and successor—composed one of the rudest satires against him, under the title of 'The Learned Fool.' He was directed to present it to Gundling in the tobacco club; at which the libelled baron and ex-professor flying into a towering passion, snatched from the table one of the small pans filled with burning turf for lighting the pipes, and flung it into the face of Fassmann, who had his eye-lashes singed by it; but he was not behindhand in taking his revenge, by lifting up the coat-tails of his adversary and belabouring him with the glowing pan in such effective style that the noble baron was not able to sit for four weeks. After that evening, the two learned foes never met without coming to blows—the king, the ministers, generals, and ambassadors, being spectators of their battles. The king at last decided that the two gentlemen should settle their affair of honour by a regular duel. Gundling was obliged, whether he would or not, to accept Fassmann's challenge, which was with pistols. But when the combatants had taken their ground, Gundling threw away his pistol; whereupon Fassmann shot his, loaded as it was only with powder, into the peruke of his adversary, which at once took fire. The poor baron fell to the ground; and a gallon of cold water poured over him, was scarcely sufficient to restore him to the conviction of being still alive. In 1731 Gundling died, at the age of fifty-eight, in his apart-

ment at the royal palace of Potsdam. At the *post mortem* examination, a large hole was found in his stomach, which was ascribed to his enforced excess of drinking. Melancholy as this circumstance was, the king caused him to be ridiculed even in death. Ten years previously, a huge wine-cask had been appointed as Gundling's last resting-place; and in this, attired in his dress of state, he was now really placed, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of the clergy, buried at Bornstädt, his successor Fassmann speaking the funeral oration over his grave.

Childish, gross, and repulsive as these *Saturnalia* seem, even to those admitted within the hedge of royal divinity, and who will excuse much on the pretext of German hatred of ceremony, they are worth study by any one wishing to understand that strange composite mixture of many qualities, Frederic the Great,—as having been (to speak fancifully) the cradle songs, in the midst of which his mind began to awaken. As a child, the Great Frederic "was beautiful as an angel;"—loving, grateful, and genial. But it is oddly characteristic of the antagonism which, in old times, seemed necessarily to belong to Heir Apparent *versus* reigning Sovereign, that not merely was the little Prince by nature as fine as his parent was coarse, but also that circumstance should throw the son of a King, so openly confessing *Gallo-phobia*, under the tutelage of a "preceptor and governess" who instilled into him that decided predilection "for French tastes and French literature" which was to bear such singular fruit in an after day.—On the other hand, it is redeeming to remark that the brutal, prejudiced King at whose domestic life we have glanced, seems—in his despotic and incomplete way—to have desired to give his son and successor a liberal, complete, and Protestant education. The order for the young Frederic's studies, devotions, toilet observances and sports is remarkable, though it was borne out by the most niggardly scale of expenditure on which a royal establishment could be maintained. There could be but one course for its victim, supposing the youth to be one of those to whom dull acquiescence under brutal despotism is not possible,—namely secret expedients—bribery—borrowing—favouritism of the worst kind (in which the Favourite must be the friend that the Father should have been).—What an education was this for the head, heart, and conscience of one who was to continue the creation of an empire! To continue, in the words of Dr. Vehse,—

"The prince was kept very meanly. When, contrary to orders, he procured for his table three-pronged silver forks instead of two-pronged iron ones, he was beaten. The king, until the year 1729, allowed him six hundred dollars a-year, every penny of which had to be accounted for. Frederic now incurred debts. The father, on hearing of the excesses of his son, especially of his recklessly running into debt, flogged him repeatedly with his cane, at the same time taunting him with the words, which Frederic had to hear again and again: 'You are a prince without any feeling of honour; had I been treated like this, I should long since have gone to the devil.' The crown prince was desired to renounce his right to the succession in favour of his brother, Augustus William; who, being more pliant and obedient, was his father's favorite. Frederic professed himself ready to do so, if his father would declare that he was not his lawfully begotten son and heir. This answer deterred the king, who had the highest notions of the sanctity of the marriage vow, from repeating that request. Frederic then wrote to his mother that he could no longer endure the cruel indignity of being beaten."

Yet, in later days, the great Frederic had so far methodized the ignominies and sufferings of his youth,—the stick and the debts,—and the broken-off English match with the Princess Amelia, daughter of our George the Second, who died unwedded,—and the flogging of Precentor Ritter's daughter, Doris,—and the judi-

cial murder of his friend, Lieutenant Katt,—and his own cruel imprisonment,—as to state to—"Sir Andrew Mitchell, that he deemed it a great mercy not to have been brought up as a prince, but as a private person; at the same time expressing his conviction that the great harmony between his mother and the younger members of his family had, indirectly, been the effect of the severe domestic rule of the father."

—"Great mercy!" and "domestic rule!" There was more of the humourist and the despot in the man's mind who could thus gild over and characterize such savagery, than the friend, pupil, and patron of Voltaire dreamed, when he was venting such a Jesuitical expression of thankfulness. The germ of tyranny, injustice and eccentricity might be traced in such a speech, had we not deeds as well as words to remind us that the second Frederic of Prussia was, in some things, his father's son.

To enter on the story of his many-coloured and many-sided life is simply impossible. But throughout his career of arms and of arts—his ordinance of laws and his patronage of letters—the littleness and greatness in duality which will be found, can only be rightly apportioned by those familiar with the details of his "bringing up"; among which we have been fascinated to linger so long, that his own career must be left untouched,—for some coming lecturer on "Hero-worship," perhaps, to unriddle.—One remark, however, must be thrown out, for better for worse,—on the transitory nature of the influences which the power, the liberality and the autocracy of the Great Frederic exercised on his people. The authority of one who combined in his own person the speculative and philosophical idealogue with the eccentric despot cannot—will not—last. A heap of ill-cemented principles of thought and inconsistent practices of action and passion, is but a crumbling heritage for a monarch to leave to his successor,—since the contradictions which his personality has over-awed or enchanted his people into accepting or forgetting, show themselves in their sharp colours, and by their real consequences, only when the personality is gone,—when the Despot can no more rivet hearts by some flash of justice or spasm of condescension,—when the Philosopher can no longer amuse his subjects by alluring from afar some new thinker, or dreamer, or hopper, to exhibit his discoveries among those who are more desirous of becoming acquainted with something new than "something true."

How far such speculations as the above have been borne out by the story of politics, letters, art, opinion and morals in Prussia, since the death of Frederic the Great,—how far that interesting and important section of Germany has played the part which a great kingdom should have played in the great drama of Progress,—must be left to other tribunals than ours to decide. To return to the matter more directly in hand:—the reader of mere gossip will find, after the interment of the great Frederic in the Garrison Church at Potsdam, a capital scandalous chronicle in the life and times of King Frederic William the Second and his "favourite," Countess Lichtenau, a heavier (and perhaps honest) Pompador. After him reigned Frederic William the Third, who lived into "the hard times" of Europe, and the history of whose Court is as interesting as a romance in its sadder and more serious way. We spoke, at the opening of this article, of the beautiful Queen Louisa as a distinct figure, giving grace and pathos to a masque of many strongly-marked and strangely-clad personages; and cannot resist, long as this rambling article is already, glancing at her for one moment, ere the book is handed over to

those whom it will interest.—She was married at the age of seventeen, on Christmas Eve, in 1793, with the torch-dance, which remains a feature in the ceremonial of Prussian marriages to this day,—as the list of new compositions by Meyerbeer can tell.—

"The queen was fond of dancing; and the carnival of 1799 was one of the most brilliant ever witnessed at the Prussian court. On the 13th of March, in the same year, the opera house was the scene of a masquerade which contemporary reports describe as being got up in a style of magnificence worthy of the days of Louis XIV., or of Augustus the Strong of Saxony. It represented the marriage of the English Queen Mary with Philip of Spain: the character of the bride being supported by Queen Louisa; and that of the bridegroom, by the Duke of Sussex. A minuet of these two royal personages was followed by a quadrille between the virgin Queen Elizabeth, Don John of Austria, Margaret of Parma, and the Duke of Savoy. The English, Spanish, Navarrese, Brabantian, and Mexican costumes,—about fifty couples in all—were one blaze of diamonds; the Duke of Sussex having ransacked all the Jewellers' shops for the occasion. In the following year, the 'Mardi gras' was held at the palace of the Princess Radzivil, the sister of Prince Louis Ferdinand. This time, the subject of the programme was a mythological burlesque: the Duke of Sussex appearing in three different characters,—as a Cossack; as Don Quixote mounted on an ass; and as Bacchus. A new sort of amusement, which became very much in vogue at court at that period, were juvenile balls. One of them, given by the lord-marshal Von Masov, created a particular sensation; even the newspapers, contrary to the German custom, publishing full accounts of it. Kotzebue, who, at that time, had begun to edit his journal *Der Freimüthige* (the Liberal), had an interest of his own in giving the details; as his three children played a part in the pageant. * * It was one of the little foibles of the queen, that she not only liked dancing, but likewise showing off her skill in that art. 'It is true, that strict monarchists found it not a little perilous, in a critical age, when the new cries of 'liberty and equality' were abroad, that the Queen of Prussia should thus figure before a crowd of more than two thousand spectators. Yet these dancing parties continued to be very popular; not only for the gratification of the ball itself, but also for the introductory amusement afforded by the rehearsals. The latter generally lasted from eleven o'clock in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon; and were very merry, especially the luncheon. Here every constraint of etiquette was banished; the queen with her maids of honour, and the princes and generals, sat down at the same table with the dancing-master Telle; the leader of the band, Himmel; and the professors Hirt and Kiesewetter, the two costumiers and masters of the revels in 1801. When the Russian Grand-Duchess Helena, wife of the hereditary prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was on a visit in Berlin, a new fashion was introduced, of sitting down to supper at a number of small tables. Count Joseph Wengersky, who first devised this plan, earned great popularity thereby. During this visit of the Grand Duchess, the Duke Charles Augustus of Weimar, the friend and patron of Göthe, was likewise in Berlin; and, by his eccentric humour, contributed not a little to render the festivities animated, and even noisy and riotous. His amusements were generally of the most free and easy sort. As he once came to the Greek chapel, where the young Grand Duchess was attending mass, she was obliged to call him to her side, to keep at all within decent bounds. On the birthday of the queen, March 10, the duke got up a most ludicrous scene. He introduced at tea-time a *protégé* of his, a Jew who was to take the silhouettes of all the great personages and their suites, which, united in one tableau, were to be presented to the queen, with their congratulations on the happy occasion. Whilst the man was at work, the duke played off the most amusing pranks upon him. At one and the same moment, the Grand Duchess and the Princess of Orange were playing a piece of music; the Duke of Cambridge singing God save the king, and writing a letter to the Duke of Strelitz; the Prince of Orange

playing ch
the chambe
who were
to be set to

It can
said and
work, as
for though

Asia M
Archae
[e.]
& Bau

M. de T
Chinese f
Governm
and to c

Minor.
a Tatar
his hors
Imperial

sanction
tion,—bu
joyed th
the trav

he proce
carry out
which So
will not

possible
represent
and prof
on the l

subject i
now bet
the phys
the writ

sounding
its vege
logical
and who

complet
Asia M
figurati

its moun
lakes, g
its area
line, fro

ancient
reviewe
the ent
task is

theautil
in histo
word a

through
and ri
around
He ha

them v
The
is rem
patient

equal
bound
but th
trest

Exin
waters
the h
Tchih

repuls
enchar
gracef
the D
and c

and si
Minor
his p
with
brigh

playing chess with the Prince of Darmstadt; and the chamberlain Wengersky reading to the princesses, who were engaged at the piano, a poem which was to be set to music."

It can hardly be needed, after what has been said and shown, once again to recommend this work, as full of variety and instructive matter for thought.

Asia Minor: a Physical, Statistical, and Archaeological Description—[*Asie Mineure*, &c.] By P. D. Tchihatcheff. Paris, Gide & Baudry.

M. de Tchihatcheff, having travelled to the Chinese frontier under the orders of the Russian Government, resolved to fulfil an early project, and to explore the whole territory of Asia Minor. Accordingly, with one French servant, a Tatar guide, and two or three men to lead his horses, he undertook the journey. The Imperial authority did not, on this occasion, sanction his inquiries or guarantee his protection,—but, in the Ottoman dominions, he enjoyed that genuine hospitality which welcomes the traveller when he rests and aids him when he proceeds on his way. It was his design to carry out, in Asia Minor, an examination with which Science itself should be contented. We will not say that he has done this, or that it was possible for him to do it; but if this first portion represents fairly the entire work, politicians and professors of all sorts will set a high value on the labours of M. de Tchihatcheff. His subject is divided into four parts, and the volume now before us is occupied entirely by a view of the physical geography of that region for which, the writer says, the knell of a new conquest is sounding. Its climatology, the distribution of its vegetation, and its political and archaeological statistics will be discussed in order; and when finished the book promises to be a complete one. M. de Tchihatcheff maps out Asia Minor, with all the intricacies of its configuration, the winding courses of its streams, the mountains—including the triple Taurus—its lakes, gulfs, capes, and plains. He measures its area from point to point along the vast outline, from province to province, and from city to city. All the statements of former writers, ancient and modern, are marshalled, to be reviewed by the light of new discovery; and the enthusiasm which has been devoted to the task is evident from the large space over which the author's investigations range. First searching in history and tradition for a meaning to the word "Asia," M. de Tchihatcheff advances through Asia Minor, numbering its lakes, hills, and rivers, sounding the depths of the seas around it, and marking its various elevations. He had abundant materials, and has employed them well.

The physical geography of the Peninsula is remarkable, and required so learned and patient an observer to describe it. Nearly equal in its area to France, clear natural boundaries divide it from the regions contiguous; but the "Description" acquires additional interest from examinations of the Propontis, the Euxine, the Archipelago, and the Mediterranean waters,—which now nurse, in Leviathan cradles, the hopes of half the future world. M. de Tchihatcheff delights to compare the naked and repulsive cliffs of France and England with the enchanting coasts, with their soft contours and gracefully retiring bays, of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. When he leaves the shore, and describes in succession the lakes, radiant and silvery, which adorn the landscapes of Asia Minor, he intersperses his references to Strabo, his precise measurements and scientific notes, with epithets in praise of the richness and brightness of the land. With reference to these

expanses of water, the most curious circumstances remarked by him are, that many are full only at intervals, and that basins in close juxtaposition contain waters of the most different chemical components. He has a singular account of those streams of Asia Minor which flow into land-locked basins, or are lost in marshes, as if the river system were not yet complete in that region. In describing the hot springs, also, he has to notice some natural phenomena of a most extraordinary kind, and it is near these sources that many of the classical monuments are found. With rivers Asia Minor is ill provided, but the number of its lakes redeems this deficiency, and offers a large scope for internal navigation; and one which an industrious, skilful people might greatly improve. Even Switzerland is less rich in this respect than that beautiful peninsula, constituting, geographically, the neutral ground between two quarters of the globe. Our Russian author prophesies a brilliant future when the waters he describes shall foam under the paddles of steam-ships, perpetually crossing from shore to shore. Mankind, he says, have too long refused to accept the glorious heritage bequeathed by distant generations. Time has left a blank which no nation has yet dared to fill up—a desert which may soon be thronged once more with men and their habitations.

There is, at present, some meaning and some interest in these speculations of a subject of the Czar. It is fair to say, that, although he chooses to ignore the existence of the dominant race in Asia Minor, he speaks with respect of the progress in civilization attempted by the Ottoman Porte. Throughout the book, nevertheless, there is an obvious desire to represent those wonderful countries, which shine with splendid traditions, and are ornamented with every grace of nature, as an inheritance not yet disposed of. From the crests of Taurus we look down to plains on which imaginary cities rise; at the sources of rivers we see the waters setting forth to refresh communities not yet arrived; in the ports and bays we might fancy there was the silence of an undiscovered realm: for the allusions to towns and villages, to harvests, and the various modes of existing industry, suggest notions of a social system only holding the soil until its real tenants shall come. M. de Tchihatcheff has not obtruded these ideas—he perhaps impressed them unconsciously on his style; but the impulse of a Russian mind under traditional influences is sufficiently apparent. Moreover, to a great extent, his literal statements are true: the rich and magnificent plains and valleys of Asia Minor, with the broad, bold mountain masses amid which they rest, are fruitless solitudes in comparison with their condition in ancient days, and to which a cultivated, energetic, and happily governed people might restore them. Such a future may, or may not, be prepared; but, meanwhile, the laborious researches of M. de Tchihatcheff will be considered valuable by all serious readers. He has written a systematic and minute description; but his pages of detail are relieved by as many graceful and picturesque passages as the subject would allow. He will, doubtless, be consulted by future travellers; and his work will remain a repository of solid and authentic information.

Days and Hours. By Frederick Tennyson. Parker & Son.

As brother of him who worthily wears the poetic laurel of England, this new candidate for fame is at least sure of a hearing. Poetic heat (more or less) appears to run in the family blood; for we believe we are right in saying

that the first publication of the present Laureate—after his Cambridge prize poem of 'Timbuctoo'—was in conjunction with his brother, Mr. Charles Tennyson, under the title of 'Poems by Two Brothers'—a volume which is now only to be found in the cabinets of curious collectors. Mr. Charles Tennyson has long withdrawn from the arena into which another member of the same family now enters—perhaps encouraged by Mr. Alfred Tennyson's success—perhaps, on the contrary, kept back till now by considerations arising out of the same source. In any case, it is the critic's business to endeavour to assign the competitor's place on his own merits, without regard, on the one hand, to the prestige of a family name (for such accidents often tend to excite temporary interest), or, on the other, to suggestions of injurious comparison, likely to be caused by the new writer's relationship to one already famous in the same department of literature.

Yet, after a perusal of the volume before us, we find such a comparison to be in some degree unavoidable, in consequence of resemblances which it has to the poetry of the author of 'Locksley Hall,'—not in the matter, nor even in the general style, so much as in metres and tones and pet phrases which abound in every part of it. The readers of 'In Memoriam' will scarcely require a better proof of our assertion than is contained in the following stanzas from the 'Song of an Old Man,' addressed to a semi-personification of "April."—

When ere the dawn I wake and weep,
To think of hearts that beat no more,
And cruel memories haunt me sore,
Come thou, and through my lattice creep.

And murmuring in the ivy leaves
Waken the early morning bird,
Whose mirth, by the first daylight stir'd,
Sings to me from beneath the eaves.

Oh! the first snowdrop let me see,
The first young primrose laughing out;
When the rathe violet sheds about
Its magic soul, bear that to me.

When in their hearts thy life is born,
The young man laughs, the young girl sighs,
And love in light of their blue eyes
Moves, as in heaven the star of Morn.

Wild horses run in valleys wide,
The deer leaps up in oaken glade,
The lion from his rocky shade
Roars, and runs down the mountain side.

When thy swift life moves in their blood
Like lightning, lo! the strong arise,
And do great deeds, and o'er the wise
Roll godlike visions like a flood.

There is less of an echo in the rhythm of the following verses,—also addressed 'To April,'—which we give as a specimen of the writer's best manner.—

Of as I mark thee stepping thro'
The mist, thy fair hair strung with dew,
Or by the great stair of the Dawn
Come down o'er river, croft, and lawn,
Thy sun and cloud-inwoven vest
Rippling its skirts from East to West,
And glancing on the breeze and light
Dash the wildflowers left and right.

Of as in moments soft and fair
Under the clear and windless air
Thou sleepest, and thy breathings low
In blissful odours come and go;
Of as in moments proud and wild
Thou spoilest, like a froward child,
The blossoms thou hast just laid on,
And laughest when the ill is done.

Of as I see thee run and leap
From gusty peaks—or stand and weep
Tears, like Memory's that distil
Hopes of Good thro' days of ill;
And the peaceful rainbow hides
The thunders on the mountain-sides
With its banner, or in the vale
Robes in rich light the poplars pale.

Pretty as several of these lines are, it will at once be apparent that the poetry is by no means of a high class, nor even very good of its kind,—the painting (to borrow the language of a kindred art) being neither broad nor yet exact, and the touch throughout, with some gracefulness, rather weak and flimsy. How the writer

could speak of the blossoms, in the phraseology of a pipe-water turncock, as "just laid on," seems inexplicable; and scarcely less so, how he could suffer such rhymes to escape into the public street as *sun and soon*, and *launched and glanced*,—with others scarcely less heinous. Such faults as these last mentioned are usually, no doubt, the result of carelessness; but in some cases we suspect them to be adopted, or at least retained, from a notion of their carrying an air of fine negligence and rapid execution—a heresy for the spread of which among the poetic million Mrs. Browning must perhaps stand partly accountable. It cannot be too often repeated, that, at least in short poems, no remediable imperfection is in any case to be allowed or tolerated; and, where irremediable, it were well for the author, as a general rule, to use the children of his brain as some stern or savage nations did the children of their body—destroying without compunction the weak and deformed.

All the poems in this volume are short; and on the whole they are the most completely *impalpable* as to subject of any poems we ever remember. To speak the plain truth, we have not been able, in most of them, to detect any subject at all,—finding them to be without organization, beginning and end, or sequence of thought or presentment. All is personification, from the first page to the last. Here and there something like a human being flits across the shadowy scene; whilst everywhere we are mixed up in a crowd, (with whom, notwithstanding the capital letters to their names, we find it difficult to sympathize,) consisting of Sorrow, Victory, Ambition, Hope, Wit, Memory, Love, Vengeance, Phantasy, Anger, War, April, Spring, Evening, and an immeasurable *et cetera*. Shelley delighted to walk in the midst of a misty multitude like this; but in the most unreal of what we may perhaps call his concreted abstractions, a true and deep affinity to the work-a-day world of human life seldom fails to manifest itself,—and along with it, too, that artist faculty which grasps the essentials of a subject, and arranges the expression of them into a fitting proportion. An artist, though in no mean or narrow sense, every poet must be, working through a medium no less artificial than paint or marble. It is usual, partly from the looseness of common language, to regard the essence and the form of written poetry as two distinct things; but, whatever conclusion we might arrive at by the metaphysical road, it is certain that practically, in its established relation to the human mind, a poem and its form are *one thing*.

The question in hand is not a very facile one to treat—impossible to treat within the limits of a paragraph; but we have perhaps said enough to indicate to those who have deemed the subject worthy of more exact attention than it usually receives, the grounds upon which we decline to receive Mr. Frederick Tennyson—artist as to a certain extent he is in the use of melodious words—into the high category of the Poets.

The name Tennyson must still continue to shine in the firmament of poetry as "a bright particular star," and not as separated into a double one.—We add one other specimen of Mr. Frederick Tennyson's powers, which strikes us as perhaps the most complete thing (deficient in novelty as it is) contained in his volume.—

The Skylark.

How the blithe Lark runs up the golden stair
That leans thro' cloudy gates from Heaven to Earth,
And all alone in the empyreal air
Fills it with jubilant sweet songs of mirth;
How far he seems, how far
With the light upon his wings,
Is it a bird, or star
That shines, and sings?

What matter if the days be dark and frore,
That sunbeam tells of other days to be,
And singing in the light that floods him o'er
In joy he overtakes Futurity;
Under cloud-arches vast
He peeps, and sees behind
Great Summer coming fast
Adown the wind!

And now he dives into a rainbow's rivers,
In streams of gold and purple he is drown'd,
Shrilly the arrows of his song he shivers,
As tho' the stormy drops were turn'd to sound;
And now he issues thro',
He scales a cloudy tower,
Faintly, like falling dew,
His fast notes shower.

Let every wind be hush'd, that I may hear
The wondrous things he tells the World below,
Things that we dream of he is watching near,
Hopes that we never dream'd he would bestow;
Alas! the storm hath roll'd
Back the gold gates again,
Or surely he had told
All Heaven to men!

So the victorious Poet sings alone,
And fills with light his solitary home,
And thro' that glory sees new worlds foreshown,
And hears high songs, and triumphs yet to come;
He waves the air of Time
With thrills of golden chords,
And makes the world to climb
On linked words.

What if his hair be gray, his eyes be dim,
If wealth forsake him, and if friends be cold,
Wonder unbars her thousand gates to him,
Truth never fails, nor Beauty waxeth old;
More than he tells his eyes
Behold, his spirit hears,
Of grief, and joy, and sighs
Twixt joy and tears.

Blest is the man who with the sound of song
Can charm away the heartache, and forget
The frost of Penury, and the stings of Wrong,
And down the fatal whips of Regret!
Darker are the abodes
Of Kings, tho' his be poor,
While Fancies, like the Gods,
Pass thro' his door.

Singing thou scatest Heaven upon thy wings,
Thou liftest a glad heart into the skies;
He maketh his own sunrise, while he sings,
And turns the dusty Earth to Paradise;
I see thee sail along
Far up the sunny streams,
Unseen, I hear his song,
I see his dreams.

This bears with it the echoes of familiar music. Between the Laureate and his brother—however abstract and intangible the former—there is the difference between substance and reflection, life and dream. Mr. Frederick Tennyson's verse is to that of his brother,

As moonlight unto sunlight,
And as water unto wine.

Behind the Scenes: a Novel. By Lady Bulwer Lytton. 3 vols. Skeet.

Lady Bulwer Lytton has at various times been at the pains to denounce her enemies, in terms far "above proof," at being in conspiracy to prevent her books being printed, and by occult influence to mar their reception when they have finally struggled into the light of day. "The force of language can no further go" than in the abuse she has lavished upon all whom it may concern. If Lady Bulwer has any friends left in the world, they ought surely to pray that another time her enemies may be more successful; and that she may never again have the chance of giving publicity to a work like the one before us.

Lady Bulwer has certainly proved that she has one arch-enemy, one who has betrayed her as none other could have done. She has accused many,—but with all her cleverness (and she is clever), she has failed to discover that her own worst enemy is—herself.

No other enemy, however wicked or powerful, could have compelled her to write such a tissue of dullness, malignity, and vulgarity as the novel she has entitled 'Behind the Scenes.' Lady Bulwer's former novels, with all their faults and incompleteness, showed occasional vivacity and talent. The present work has the radical sin of being dull,—dull to a degree that becomes wonderful. Of story there is little,

—of plot none at all. Every chapter is headed by a text; and the reader is pelted with Christian doctrines like snowballs with stones in them. We are reminded of that old lady whose copy of the 'Whole Duty of Man' was found written over with the names of such of her neighbours as she considered fell short of each particular virtue. The abuse is not piquant—as abuse ought to be if uttered for the world's hearing—but clumsy and pointless,—remarkable only for its malignity.

The ingrained coarseness manifests itself from the beginning to the end. It is not the vulgarity of mere manners and customs; but the innate vulgarity, destitute of all humour and insight into reality, which recoils upon the writer without at all reflecting upon the character or circumstances they profess to illustrate. Lady Bulwer does not demonstrate the secret workings of human nature like an artist:—she talks like a servant out of place, abusing the families she has lived with and revealing their affairs.

The story is intended to be religious, social, and semi-political. All the characters are more or less personal, except, perhaps, the good ones,—who are set up as what Madame Sand calls "*Bâttons blancs*,"—like nothing and nobody in this wicked world, and of no strength to arrest the march of evil. Mr. Ponsonby Ferrars, the bad hero, is drawn on the same model, of which Lady Bulwer has already given several studies to the public. There is want of variety in her villains,—it is always the same individual in different attitudes and costumes:—in this selection malice is more remarkable than artistic skill. Lady Bulwer evidently hates her model villain far worse than do any of his victims in the story,—whatever that story may chance to be. Mr. Ponsonby Ferrars, the hero of 'Behind the Scenes,' is a social ogre of the present day. He is represented as having an unfortunate lawful wife, whom he once married in a moment of enthusiasm; and whom he has since endeavoured to kill by neglect and unkindness. He keeps her hidden at Brompton. He has a German mistress, whom he has promised to marry, in the Edgware Road,—other mistresses who are only dimly discernible in the distance;—he is the father of an illegitimate child, whom he allows to be transported,—and we have various other indications of his villany too tedious to mention. With all this, he enjoys a dazzling reputation as a man of genius, a Member of Parliament, a philanthropist, and an excellent man. The whole book is written to show how little he deserves his character.

Lord Derby's ministry and Mr. Disraeli figure almost by name,—and, rather flatly; we have seen much more spirited portraits of the latter, who seems to sit *en permanence* for all who choose to try their hands at "a striking likeness."

There is a good heroine named Edith—represented as of "overwhelming beauty"—who is pursued by Mr. Ponsonby Ferrars with declarations of love, delicate attentions, and an offer of marriage. She is dazzled a little by his scientific courtship; but there is a good hero,—ten times as handsome as Mr. Ponsonby Ferrars, and a dozen times as clever,—who loves her,—and wins her heart as Mr. Harold Lancaster, a poor gentleman with only 300*l.* a year *pour tout potage*:—but when he has won her, he confesses his coronet, and kneeling down, begs her pardon for being the Duke of Liedersdale. Of course, Edith forgives him,—and they are going to be very happy, and virtue is on the point of being rewarded, when something particular happens to prevent it. Mr. Ponsonby Ferrars succeeds to a large estate, and is left to his own conscience. All the other cha-

acters in the novel are left wherever they chance to be when the book concludes.

That we may not seem to have condemned without cause, we give the following extracts to justify our strictures. Mr. Ponsonby Ferrars, after outraging and insulting his German mistress until she has fallen into a death-like swoon, meditates her murder. The previous scene is of a too revolting coarseness to be transcribed into these columns,—and some of our readers may consider that the specimen we give needs an apology.—

"Now it was, that her companion being left alone, took counsel of his familiar; he looked at his victim for a few seconds with a conflicting expression of resolution and irresolution: that is, he had evidently resolved upon the execution of some still darker villainy, yet was irresolute as to the mode of executing it; he mechanically put his hands simultaneously into each of his waistcoat pockets in quest of something, which apparently not finding, he muttered—'D—n it, I've left it at home.' After which, looking furtively round the room, a sort of fiendish joy lit up his ghastly features, as upon the mantel-piece he descried a small purple morocco homoeopathic medicine case containing about two dozen Lilliputian phials, of wonderful antidotes, but at the same time subtle poisons. He seized it, and as he did so, while selecting one from the most deadly of its contents, the train of thought which passed through his mind was this—'The devil of it is, that a sudden death entails an inquest; and then, my *liaison* with her would come out—and that would never do just at this moment; but, no; what a fool I am!—all that can be easily arranged: Blackishwhite, of 'The Morning Puff,' and Taurus, of 'The Jack Ass,' will insert anything I please; and a strong equinoctial puff in both the morning and evening papers, with a pasquinade compliment, which Carlo Dials can get paid me in next Wednesday's 'Judy,' about my benevolent and generous literary patronage of this poor young German girl, and my kind exertions to get her a situation with Mrs. Moncton, coupled with the strong *prima facie* evidence of her ugliness, will soon lay that phantom, and put the sapient public completely on a wrong scent. A glorious thing, the Press—certainly! at least, when one's of it. How completely it silenced and mystified the world, and how cleverly it got Wober out of that murder of his upon Ormeton, more cleverly still trying to blast Mrs. Wober's character, by shifting all the odium upon her. That is where we lieviathans of the Press are so masterly in always crushing the victims, and erecting a pedestal of their mutilated remains whereon to elevate the aggressor beyond justice up to the artificial level of public admiration!—Who was it called woman 'a beautiful error in creation'?" continued he, eyeing the still inanimate form before him.—'Well, there can be no doubt of the error, though the beauty is sometimes left out; but the real error of her creation is her perpetuity; decidedly she should have ended with her mission, which is to please in whatever shape that may be, whether as a monetary medium as an heiress, or as one of enchantment as a houri, or even as a useful drudge, like that poor wretch there. But when she ceases to please,—assuredly, had nature been complete in her conception, she would have so organized her, that she should cease to exist. What a devil of a bore it would be if all our pleasures were permitted to haunt us *de jure*! for ever after we had dismissed them *de facto*. Shade of Apicius! what theoretical indigestions one would have of long-discussed salmis, and hecatombs of truffles!—what bottle imps would haunt one whose spirit had long since fled!—in short, far worse than the skeleton of the Egyptians at their banquets, Belshazzar would have to give us the wall, for we should have a 'MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN' engraved with our armorial bearings upon every dish! Well, now, let me see, which of these?' and he held the label of one small bottle after another to the light, murmuring their names—'pulsatilla, bromia, nux-vomica,' till he came to 'belladonna,' which latter he replaced with a demoniac sneer, muttering—'Scarcely; for the Homoeopathic principle is like to like; it would be a sort of *mauvaise plaisanterie* unbecoming the solemnity of the occasion. Ah! come, this is better.—'Aconite;' now for the

dénouement; a plot is no plot unless it is naturally as well as graphically worked out. Yes, that is it. When I have given her half of this bottle, though a quarter would do the business, I must leave the phial in her hand, the grasp of death is a tight one; she will not be likely to drop it; then I must burn all her letters, lest anything in them should transpire to criminate me; when I say all, not those of Prof. Gruntandstern, praising my kindness in endeavouring to get her a governess's place, and lauding my German translations to the skies—those she keeps tied with a piece of blue ribbon. Ah! by Jove, well thought of; I must see that the desk is there, it would be too unlucky if she should have packed it up!"

This would be shocking enough if it came from one of the coarser sex. From a woman, it is revolting. Of such horrors is the book made up.

The Lost Prince: Facts tending to prove the Identity of Louis the Seventeenth, of France, and the Rev. Eleazar Williams, Missionary among the Indians of North America. By John H. Hanson. New York, Putnam & Co.; London, Low & Co.

Few persons will read the title of Mr. Hanson's book without a smile of incredulity. The death of Louis the Seventeenth, in spite of the periodical appearance of impostors claiming his name and rights, has long ago been accepted as an established fact by respectable historians. Amongst a certain portion of the French people, it is true, there still lingers a tradition that the young prince escaped from his confinement in a mysterious manner, so that any pretender coming forward with proofs tolerably plausible is almost sure, even now, of finding a number of adherents. It is to be observed, however, that when public sympathy or curiosity is excited strongly about any person whose death cannot be proved with certainty there is sure to spread a belief that he may still be living. Many criminals, supposed to have expiated their offences with life, have been gifted by the vulgar with what may be called a posthumous existence. In the case of Fauntleroy, the forger, so many statements have been made that he is still alive in America that the fact is admitted by many thousands as at least highly probable; but similar things have been said of others without the slightest shadow of foundation. The prevalence, therefore, of a popular belief of this kind accounts only for the success of imposture, and cannot weigh with the historian.

Mr. Hanson professes to have something better than popular rumour whereon to base his first proposition, that the Dauphin did not die in the Temple; and although it is evident that strong conviction increases in his eyes the value of many facts, yet it is certainly curious that he should be able to revive doubts in the minds of his readers which acquaintance with ordinary history has quieted, and which M. de Beauchesne seemed to have extinguished for ever. In ordinary cases the evidence adduced by the last-mentioned gentleman would be held conclusive. He brings forward the solemn statements of the young prince's jailers, Lasne and Gomin; but it is quite true, as Mr. Hanson maintains, that as those statements were not published until after the death of the two men, if it can be proved that a strong motive existed somewhere for bringing them forward—that they are at variance with other evidence—that they contain even the semblance of a contradiction, it is fair to re-open the discussion of the subject for the benefit of those who think it of importance. The great objection to the evidence of the two jailers is, that it was adduced at a time, fifty-seven years after the period it referred to, when in defiance of repeated counter-proofs and repeated exposures of imposture, the belief that

Louis the Seventeenth was still alive had begun to prevail with new vigour.

There seem to be epochs at which, perhaps because disgusted with the ordinary real occurrences of the day, the public mind is disposed to take refuge in such convictions or delusions. Mr. Hanson has no doubt himself become a happier, because a busier, man since this idea fastened upon him. What has chiefly contributed to bear him up is the alleged existence in the archives of the French police of an order, bearing date June 8, 1795—the day on which the Dauphin is said to have died—"to arrest on every high-road in France any travellers bearing with them a child of eight years or thereabouts, as there had been an escape of royalists from the Temple." If this order have really any existence, it certainly invests the supposition that young Louis was taken away and another child substituted for him with the character of great probability, especially as there exists an independent statement that carriages going towards the frontier were actually searched to see whether they contained any child that resembled the Dauphin. Mr. Hanson's development of all these points and his analysis of the conflicting evidence of the physicians and others with reference to the decease is very ingenious. The proof that M. Desault was poisoned proves too much. The same persons who could have been guilty of that crime, in order to prevent his testifying to the health of the Dauphin, would have put the boy out of the way at once. A curious circumstance connected with this part of the case is, that the heart of the supposed Dauphin, if we must use this term, was preserved by M. Pelletan, one of the examining surgeons, and afterwards offered to the Duchess of Angoulême, who refused it. As there was no imputation on the veracity of the Doctor, this seemed a proof that the Duchess—and so much indeed is alleged with many strange corroborations—believed that the real Dauphin was alive.

Mr. Hanson's statement is, that both branches of the late royal family of France are perfectly aware that Louis the Seventeenth, when about ten years old and in an imbecile state, was removed secretly to America,—that he remained some short time at New Orleans,—that he was afterwards placed in the family of a Mr. Williams, who had married an Indian squaw, and who adopted him; and that he is now living at the age of sixty-nine as a poor Protestant Missionary, perfectly convinced of his royal descent though unable to demonstrate it, and not tormented by many ambitious repinings. If for a moment we suppose these circumstances to be true, there is surely nothing in the whole circle of romance more wonderful. Without laying any great stress on the political importance of the revelation, should we admit it as such, there is here ground for sympathy and matter for reflection. A career begun amidst the splendours of Versailles and the Tuileries, suddenly disturbed by the most portentous moral earthquake that has as yet shaken the world, ending, such is the statement, for a time in sheer idiocy; begun again out in the backwoods of America, consciousness being restored by an accidental fall into a lake; continued with but vague reminiscences of a former existence amidst savages and squatters and hunters, made useful and sacred by the exercise of a religious ministry; and at length doubled as it were by the discovery of what had been utterly forgotten—by the humble and suffering missionary being told, on what appeared to him undoubted authority, that he was not what he seemed, but one of the chief characters in one of the most remarkable political tragedies of modern times,—that he, who had looked on a

poor old ignorant squaw as his mother, had once been fondled by the beautiful Marie Antoinette, the goddess of loyal historians—that he was her son—that he had assisted, however unwillingly, in bringing her to the scaffold—and that if his identity could be established the faded remnants of all French chivalry would hail him Master in their salons, if not in the streets! Verily, we could understand the good old gentleman's going mad if such a hoax has been successfully played upon him; and unless we suppose him to be a mere impostor,—in which case he is an unremunerated one,—we must give him credit for continuing to discharge the ordinary duties of his life, quite content if a few public men will condescend to discuss his claims. According to his own statement, which he does not seem to have been in a hurry to put forward or to urge with any intemperance, in the year 1841 the Prince de Joinville came to America and took great pains to find him out under his name of the Rev. Eleazar Williams. After some preliminaries a private interview took place, during which the Prince without circumlocution acknowledged the clergyman's royal descent and requested him to sign an abdication in exchange for a princely revenue. Mr. Williams at once rose, he says, to the royal level and declined. All this is very improbable, and seems to wait only denial on the part of the Prince de Joinville to be dismissed immediately. Strange to say, although the denial does come, it appears in a most questionable shape. The Prince admits only an accidental interview with some one whose name he forgets,—upon which Mr. Hanson brings forward affidavits to prove that the interview was not accidental, but anxiously sought for; and more than this, that there had been a good deal of subsequent correspondence which rendered it improbable that the name should have been forgotten. Possibly the Prince de Joinville would have given a less ambiguous reply and trusted less to his secretary had he foreseen that the subject would have ultimately been so publicly pursued; and it is, at least, unfortunate that, perhaps from mere indifference and contempt, he should have left an opening for criticism and refutation. As it is, we have on one side a person in a very distinguished position rebutting a statement awkwardly and in an unsatisfactory manner,—and on the other, a very obscure, though apparently worthy, individual making that statement without falling into contradictions and in a manner that seems to indicate profound belief. So far, the advantage is on the side of Mr. Williams, whose truthfulness is suggested by a number of collateral depositions, none of them, to be sure, having the character of evidence, but when accumulated tending to increase the presumption in his favour. Yet, after all, when we disengage our minds from the fascination that always belongs to such mysterious inquiries, in which scepticism yields for a time rather to the multitude of illustrative facts than to the influence of any positive statements, it is difficult not to revert to the mental attitude assumed at the outset; and in most cases the smile with which the reader will open Mr. Hanson's volume, though it may disappear as the narrative proceeds, will return at the last page. The heir to the throne of one of the mightiest countries in Europe, whose death has been registered in the most elaborate histories and admitted by all but a few credulous and ignorant persons, re-appearing on the scene after a lapse of fifty-nine years, during which dynasty after dynasty has reigned and been expelled, can scarcely be surprised if his claims are met with derision, even if he be supplied with proofs much stronger than those which Mr. Hanson has so ingeniously arranged. Perhaps he may find the kindest hearing amongst men who are perfectly indifferent,

as to his identity, and who, if the fact of his royal descent were proved, would regard it only as a curious historical episode.

Mr. Hanson, whose style is full of Americanisms most displeasing to an English ear, has pored over his subject until he has become quite a Legitimist in feeling. He speaks of the French Revolution in a tone which all serious writers of whatever party have now abandoned; and we need not, therefore, be surprised to find that he discovers in his royal protégé, despite the brutal treatment to which he was subjected in the last century by Simon, a long period of idiocy, and above fifty years of the most humble and arduous life, "a nameless something" that irresistibly suggests his illustrious pedigree.

Modern German Music. Recollections and Criticisms. By Henry F. Chorley. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

How far picture, portrait, anecdote, and reminiscence may be used in illustration of the character of an art which is not of time and place, and of the characters of artists who are necessarily moulded and modified by these mortal incidents, is here shown very conclusively. Mr. Chorley is a tourist with a purpose; he travels now, as heretofore, as a pilgrim to the shrines and dwelling-places of the art which he loves, and on which he here expatiates. He is a journalist also,—the knowledge of what particular journal he is connected with is not, we imagine, a secret in the world for which he labours. From year to year he adds to a store of musical knowledge which was already large even when he published 'Music and Manners in France and North Germany,'—a book which the present volumes may be said to summarize and supersede, so far as Germany and German music are concerned.

Our tourist takes with him abroad a catholic power of appreciating all that is noble in Art and worthy in the artist. But his hero is Mendelssohn. With this great composer he lived on terms of intimate knowledge,—and the various reminiscences of the German Master scattered through these volumes,—and particularly the details thrown together in the concluding chapter—will be of signal use to future biographers and musical historians. As this notable figure meets us at the beginning of Mr. Chorley's first volume—and as the last words of the second bear the melancholy burden of his requiem—we shall consult the interests of reader and writer best if we, also, take this prominent personage as our centre of view in the extracts which we propose to give in illustration of German musical genius and of German musical life.

Here is the figure of the man as he lived and spoke.—

"There was this inexpressible comfort in all intercourse with Mendelssohn, that he made no secret of his likings and dislikings. Few men so distinguished have been so simple, so cordial, so considerate; but few have been so innocent of courtiership, positive or negative. One might be sure that a welcome from him was a welcome indeed. I thought then, as I do now, his face one of the most beautiful which has ever been seen. No portrait extant does it justice. A Titian would have generalized, and out of its many expressions, made up one which, in some sort, should reflect the many characteristics and humours of the Poet—his earnest seriousness—his childlike truthfulness—his clear, cultivated intellect—his impulsive vivacity. The German painters could only invest a theatrical, thoughtful-looking man with that serious cloak which plays so important a part on the stage, and in the portraits of their country; and conceive the task accomplished, when it was not so much as begun. None of them has perpetuated the face with which Mendelssohn listened to the music in which he delighted, or the face with which

he would crave to be told again some merry story, though he knew it already by heart. I felt in that first half-hour, that in him there was no stilted sentiment—no affected heartiness; that he was no sayer of deep things, no searcher for witty ones; but one of a pure, sincere intelligence—bright, eager, and happy, even when most imaginative.—Perhaps there was no contemporary at once strong, simple, and subtle enough to paint such a man with such a countenance."

On the social position of the German composer, as contrasted with that which the musician enjoys in other countries, Mr. Chorley has much to say. This is a characteristic anecdote in illustration, occurring with a man so eminent as Mendelssohn and at a court so refined and intellectual as that of Weimar.—

"Those who recollect the high pretensions made by Goethe's Weimar, will perhaps feel (as I did) pain and surprise on learning that, during the great old days of that capital, the general treatment of the German musical artist bore no proportion to the encouragement extended to the painter, the poet, or even to the passing English stranger. When Hummel was almost a patriarch in his art, on the evenings of his performance at Court, he was allowed to remain in a mean, comfortless ante-room, till the moment for his exhibition arrived: this unworthy usage being broken through by the spirit of a younger artist, who, on being treated in a similar despotical fashion (after receiving a direct and courteous invitation as a private individual, and, what was more, as the household guest of Goethe), walked quietly home out of the *Residenz*, to the great discomfort of a circle expressly convened to profit by the talent so coarsely and coldly welcomed. This I was told by Mendelssohn, in 1840, as we drove through the gate at Weimar."

The question of the influence of these court appointments and court positions on the progress of Art, is one of no small interest to the profession and to the public which looks for musical creation at its hands. Mr. Chorley says:—

"Chance has indulged me with some opportunities of observation; and I can hardly cite one instance of a great creative musician holding a life-appointment in a small town, who has not been either the worse for it, as regards his art, or else who has not enjoyed his competence with such a per centage of soreness, sense of injustice, and jealousy, as make one sigh for 'the dinner of herbs and peace therewith'—for the stroller's cart, or the gipsy's tent—as better than the luxuries of a life passed in an atmosphere of such irritability. There is a more Boetian class of recipients, who, sinking stolidly down into the beer-glass and the tobacco-box, lose whatever brightness or enterprise they were forced to cultivate, so long as they were compelled to struggle with life; but on persons like these, speculation is thrown away. With them, maturity must imply deterioration, let them get their years over in a crowd or in a wilderness; and the beer and the tobacco are, accordingly, perhaps, the best things which can befall them. Let it be remembered, that these remarks are not applied to times elder and less civilized than to the thirty recent years of peace, during the earlier portion of which, some of the most promising young composers of Germany got placed—at Hanover, Stuttgart, Munich, Dresden, and elsewhere. I am thinking of what these have done for the world's music. I am counting up more than one glimpse—more than one revelation—more than one unworthy petty newspaper controversy—more than one discreditable instance of ingratitude—more than one melancholy spectacle of worthies in the decline of life, wandering about the world in search of new homes by way of escaping from *tedium vite*, neglect, or direct persecution.—For, again, as to position and fortune, a life-appointment by no means offers the final shelter of a fiery land. There may happen such things to the old musician, as the coming of a 'new King who knew not Joseph,' and who has his own æsthetic notions, his own favourites to provide for—or else his own plan of saving on his chapel that he may spend on his stud. We have seen such humiliating sights as Electors wrangling with men old in years and honours, about a few *thalers* in

excess of
of holiday
concert-m
betwixt
exciting
of Hobe
whichever
do not
these pl
lishman
coffee-h
table, di
we shoul
for this
planatio
hearken
satisfied
appoint
regards
to all th
them and
dark sol
any cou
exercise
prime.—
favourite
to be co
ment.
grey in
our sup
our inde
us as n
Such he
To r
is devo
the M
his de
"I
beside
before
illness
Novem
more th
never l
It was
larating
got to
the pla
business
went,—
in sigh
ing-hou
we stru
think,
and th
the me
were c
cow-be
solitud
pastur
immed
the ov
Rossin
introd
make
ture is
pastor
sceney
amou
very
them.
of ex
of w
year,
ing o
over
Lond
Hark
and
"A
nific
poes
had
Fran
Hen
he h
mer

excess or arrears of their salaries, or about a few days of holiday—as the *kapellmeister* not speaking to the *concert-meister* because of some mistake brewed betwixt them by the *theatre-director* in the hopes of exciting His Most Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Hohen—something or other, to the dismissal of whichever combatant the *theatre-director* hates.—I do not think that the German habitually dislikes these pleadings and polemics as much as an Englishman does. His life of garden saunterings and coffee-houses, and stout suppers at Mine Host's table, disposes him towards gossip, to a degree which we should consider old-womanish. But, even allowing for this extra toleration, this proclivity towards explanations, intrigues, questions of precedence, and harkenings out for ill-report, as national—I am satisfied that the general history of modern life—appointments would prove them a failure, both as regards the developing of a talent which is to speak to all the world, and the securing for those enjoying them an old age unworn by envy, hatred, and other dark solitudes. * * It is a question, whether in any country save England it is safe for an artist to exercise his art in the place where he has passed his prime.—We have the spirit of loyalty to our public favourites strong within us—too strong, sometimes, to be consistent with a profitable progress in judgment. The grey hairs of those who have grown grey in our service are respected by us—in part from our superior constancy of character—in part from our independence—because they are not imposed on us as necessary appendages to Church and State. Such has not been the case in Germany.”

To return to Mendelssohn. The last chapter is devoted to a record of a few days spent with the Master at Interlachen two months before his death. The record is sad and beautiful.—

“I passed the three last days of August, 1847, beside him at Interlachen in Switzerland, very shortly before his return to Leipzig, and that fatal attack of illness which ended in his death there on the 4th of November. He looked aged and sad;—and stooped more than ever I had seen him do; but his smile had never been brighter, nor his welcome more cordial. It was early in the morning of as sunny and exhilarating a day as ever shone on Switzerland, that we got to Interlachen; and then and there I must see the place and its beauties.—‘We can talk about our business better out of the house:’—and forth we went,—at first up and down under the walnut trees, in sight of the *Jungfrau*, until, by degrees, the boarding-houses began to turn out their inhabitants. Then we struck off through a wood to a height called, I think, the *Hohenbühl*, commanding the lake of Thun and the plain with Neuhaus and Unterseen,—with the snow mountains all around us. It was while we were climbing up to this nook that the tinkling of the cow-bells, which adds to, rather than takes from, the solitude of mountain scenery, came up from some pasture-land not far off. My companion stopped immediately, listened, smiled, and began to sing from the *overture* to ‘Guillaume Tell.’ ‘How beautifully Rossini has found that!’ he exclaimed.—‘All the introduction, too, is truly Swiss.—I wish I could make some Swiss music.—But the storm in his *overture* is very bad!’ And he went off again into the pastoral movement: speaking afterwards of Swiss scenery with a strength of affection that almost amounted to passion. ‘I like the pine-trees, and the very smell of the old stones with the moss upon them.’ Then he told, with almost a boyish pleasure, of excursions that he had taken with his happy party of wife and children. ‘We will come here every year, I am resolved. How pleasant it is to sit talking on this bench, with the glorious *Jungfrau* over there, after your Hanover Square Rooms in London!’”

He was full of plans for the future,—and yet darkly streaking, as it were, his dream of glory and success, were lines of dread foreboding.—

“A new composition for the opening of the magnificent Concert Hall in Liverpool had been proposed to him; and this was to be talked over. He had already a new *Canтата* in view, I think, for Frankfurt; and mentioned some text from ‘Die Hermannschlacht’ of Klopstock, as the subject which he had selected. ‘But that,’ he said, with his own merry laugh, ‘would never do for Liverpool. No:

we must find something else.’ He spoke of Napoleon’s passage of the Alps as an event he wanted to see arranged for music—again repeating, ‘I must write something about this country—but that, again, will not do for England!’—I mentioned Wordsworth’s ode on ‘The Power of Sound,’ as a noble poem full of pictures, from which, perhaps, portions might be detached fit for a composer’s purposes; but he seemed to treat the idea of describing the various effects of music in music as too vague and hackneyed; and moreover objectionable, as having been done completely by Handel, in his ‘Alexander’s Feast.’ Then he began to fear that he could get nothing ready by the time mentioned—‘for you know,’ he went on, ‘something of mine is to be sung in the *Dom* at Cologne, when the nave is thrown open—that will be an opportunity!—But I shall not live to see it!’ and he paused, and put his hand to his head, with a sudden expression of weariness and suffering. He had composed much music, he said, since he had been at Interlachen; and mentioned that stupendous *Quartett* in *F* minor which we have since known as one of the most impassioned outpourings of sadness existing in instrumental music—besides some English service-music for the Protestant Church. ‘It has been very good for me to work,’ he went on, glancing for the first time at the great domestic calamity (the death of Madame Hensel) which had struck him down, immediately on his return from England; ‘and I wanted to make something sharp and close and strict’ (interlacing his fingers as he spoke)—‘so that Church music has quite suited me. Yes: I have written a good deal since I have been here—but I must have quiet, or I shall die.’”

We had pencilled many other passages—pictures of men and scenes having no relation to Mendelssohn—for extracts. But we refrain from all, except a single paragraph on what may be called bastard national airs. Says Mr. Chorley—

“I wish some competent person, some Borrow among the musicians, would write the story of the gipsy (or wild) music of Europe—would give us the birth, parentage, and education of the *patois* songs of Venice and Naples, and the philosophy (to put it mildly) of the airs and graces which may be heard in the villages of Bohemia, and in the valleys of the Tyrol, and along the sides of the Styrian lakes. That many of the characteristic peculiarities of these are merely so many *village*-versions of city-tunes imperfectly caught up and more imperfectly rendered, I have been long satisfied. Careless notation, which forgives the *flat*, or forgets to contradict the *sharp*, may engender a national twang. That untrained voices may help on the tune they cannot else get through by howls, twirls, and quaverings, which are utterly unlicensed, though by custom they take a certain queer form of their own, may be gathered by any one familiar with what English psalmody was, in remote country parishes, a quarter of a century since.—I remember to have been much struck in one of London’s by-ways, with a Styrian harper and violin-player, two of the most unkempt creatures that ever trudged through London streets,—playing, what for a while I thought was something curiously quaint and original, and stopped accordingly, to listen to. There were little indescribable twitters and trills, as odd as the chuckle of the Italian *teorbo*—a rhythm that seemed as if it were of seven or thirteen bars—and such chords—consecutive fifths and other abominations which I am not worthy to denounce!—I stood, much caught by so wild an exhibition—till, as happened to the *Vicar* in the prison, the truth gradually began to dawn on my mind that I had ‘heard this learning before.’ One familiar phrase after another disentangled itself, till I made out the *bolero* in the *overture* to ‘*Preciosa*’ and the exquisite airy dance (a positive *fountain-burst* of perpetual motion) from the same opera. They came out, both, as good as new—as strange as the strangest *Styrienne* which the travelling collector, if he can, greedily notes down as a specimen of national music. To pursue my illustration yet a step further, let a born Swiss and a born Venetian sing the same tune—and the one, somehow, shall contrive to give it a smack of the hill-echo, and the other a touch of gondola-undulation, such as

shall render the two versions as utterly different as the water at Vevay and at Venice.”

Here is a suggestion for adventurous students! Such a work would be a treasure not confined in its interest to the musical library, but having its attractions for all those, of whatever designation, who admire character and cling to romance.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Atherton, and other Tales. By Mary Russell Mitford. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—‘Atherton’ is a charming tale, and refreshes the reader like a drive in the country. It is written in a cheerful, kindly, buoyant spirit, and leaves but one thing to be desired—that it had been longer, and the plot more worked out. A good deal of suspense is certainly thus saved; but the foundation of the story being interesting, and the characters such as Miss Mitford delights to draw, we should have been glad to hear about them at greater length; as it is, they are little more than spirited sketches. ‘Atherton’ abounds in those descriptions of English inland scenery, in which Miss Mitford is always felicitous; she has the rare gift of describing her country places with a vivid individuality which conveys something of the emotion which would be caused by the actual scene; she has lived so much out of doors that she has learnt the secret of all the sights and sounds of nature in her own country district, which is her peculiar domain. In the preface there is a brief and placid record of the painful circumstances under which ‘Atherton’ was written. It will excite the sympathy and respect of all who read it; and if there be any virtue in the earnest good wishes of all whom she has made her friends, Mary Mitford ought to feel their influence,—she has enlisted the very selfishness of human nature in her favour, for there are few who would not wish her a speedy restoration to health, if only that she might write another story as pleasant as ‘Atherton,’ and longer,—which is the only improvement we can suggest. ‘Atherton’ occupies one of the three volumes; the other two contain reprints of fugitive stories, published so long ago that they will be new to the present generation of story readers. ‘Marion Campbell’ is, in our opinion, the best of them.

Lyra Græca: Specimens of the Greek Lyric Poets, from Callinus to Soutsoe. Edited, with Critical Notes and a Biographical Introduction, by James Donaldson, M.A. (Edinburgh, Sutherland & Knox; London, Simpkin & Co.)—We are not without our doubts as to the utility of this publication, which contains specimens of about a hundred different authors within the compass of little more than a hundred and seventy small pages. It reminds us too forcibly of the old story of bringing a brick as a sample by which to judge of a house. Here we find three lines of one writer, four of another, and half a dozen of another, while there are many specimens which do not cover a page. What great advantage is to be derived from the study of such scraps, we cannot see. The poets whose compositions find a place in this volume are classified under the heads of Elegiac, Bucolic, Iambic, Melic, Christian, and Neo-Hellenic poets. There is the same brevity in the biographical introduction as in what follows; but, as far as it goes, the information conveyed is obtained from good sources and set forth in a very satisfactory manner. The editor has acted on a sound principle in the preparation of his text—that of adhering closely to the MSS.—even when he might have been inclined to expect a different reading. He maintains—and we think with justice—that it is impossible for any modern editor accurately to determine how much of any particular dialect should be admitted into a lyric poem. The notes are partly explanatory and partly critical. They are all well worth consulting. The whole work abounds with references to authorities, that the student may have every facility and inducement to inquire and think for himself.

The Art of Reasoning; a Popular Exposition of the Principles of Logic, Inductive and Deductive; with an Introductory Outline of the History of

Logic, and an Appendix on Recent Logical Development. By Samuel Neil. (Walton & Maberly.)

—Although we see no reason to place Mr. Neil amongst original writers on logic, and think he might have dispensed with the suggestion, however modestly expressed, that he ought so to be placed, we are disposed to give him full credit for having produced a useful volume. In order to be acquainted with the science of reasoning, it is, of course, necessary to study it in company with the great masters, who teach it as much by their manner as by their precepts; but an exposition of this kind is a good introduction. It will whet the appetite of the young student, and was probably at first intended only to answer that purpose. Mr. Neil, however, has fallen into the mistake of giving too many tabular forms. Not that these are in themselves unnecessary; but he will find that few persons will undergo the labour of becoming familiar with them when they are presented in what is professedly a popular treatise. It requires the authority of a great teacher to provoke the mind to deal with matter so repulsive. We object likewise to the rhetorical tone sometimes affected. The writer condemns Belshaw's style as "bald and uninviting"; but to a reader sufficiently serious to grapple with logic, there is nothing so uninviting as declamation. Generally speaking, however, in spite of a too frequent use of technical phrases, Mr. Neil writes perspicuously.

On Duty—[*Le Devoir*]. By Jules Simon. (Paris, Hachette & Co.)—Disappointed with the course which events have taken in France, M. Jules Simon, already known to students, seems to have applied himself intently to questions of abstract morality. The present work is the product of his latest speculations; and is deserving of praise, because it avoids advancing any very startling theories, and brings forward new and ingenious reasons in favour of old ones. M. Simon, who tells us that it is now fashionable to apologize for violence, —to distinguish between great and little morality, —to speak with contempt of liberty and aversion of philosophy, —and to condemn the Revolution of 1789, which saved France,—insists very ably on the sophistical character of the arguments by which the fatalist theory is maintained. He shows how the idea of duty is inconsistent with this theory; and philosophizes altogether in both a genial and practical spirit. His style is nearly free from the vices which make French speculative works so distasteful to the English reader. He does not seek for ornament,—but depends for admiration on the perspicuity of his exposition and the good sense of his opinions. Many of his demonstrations are vicious in their form, and he sometimes appeals to the senses to prove what can only be proved by syllogism; but he has produced a useful ethical treatise, which contrasts strongly by its calm gentlemanly tone with what may be called the contention style of writing now so common in France.

Historical Survey of Speculative Philosophy, from Kant to Hegel. From the German of H. M. Chalybeus, by Alfred Tulk. (Longman & Co.)—On the appearance of Mr. Edersheim's translation of this book, we expressed strong doubts [*ante*, p. 48] whether the lectures of Dr. Chalybeus were in any way fitted to initiate the English reader into the mysteries of German philosophy. So far, therefore, as Dr. Chalybeus himself is concerned, we have but to refer to our former remarks. With respect to the translation itself, it certainly has a more English character about it than the one by Mr. Edersheim, as may be instanced by the following passage, corresponding to the passage formerly selected from the work of the earlier translation:—"The Quality, as exhibited at length in the being *per se*, was the being of the things themselves, recognised in its truth; the differences of objectivity, which we call matter, consist of qualities or are themselves thoroughly qualitative, the quality being identical with the being. This identity is now to be negated. The negation of the quality is not, however, negative in the absolute sense, so that through it the abstract naught may re-appear, but it is the determined negation or direct opposite only of quality, or of the immediate unity of quality and being, so that this unity it is which is suppressed, whereby the quality becomes esta-

blished as a quality indifferent to the being, i.e. to the qualitatively determined being, and distinguishable from it, i.e. the quality turns out to be a quantity."—Not so bad this, considering the quality of the material, and the quantity of repulsive technicalities. But why the predilection for the definite article? If we understand the matter at all, the lecturer is not referring to the quality, &c., but to quality in general, and merely uses the definite article in a manner which, though common to French and German, is alien to the English language. We also doubt, as we doubted before, the propriety of overlooking the plural form of "materien."

An Account of the Life and Letters of Cicero. Translated from the German of Bernard Rudolf Abeken. Edited by C. Merivale, B.D. (Longman & Co.)—The learned author of the original work here presented in a form adapted to English readers, remarks with great force and truth upon the necessity of some knowledge of Cicero's life and times in order to a just appreciation of his works. To supply such knowledge is the object at which he aims in this work, which contains a detailed account of the events of Cicero's history, year by year, interspersed with comments, and illustrated by extracts from the orator's correspondence. It is divided into nine books, each treating of a distinct period in his life,—the whole forming a full-length portrait drawn with a master's hand. With Mr. Merivale, whose appended notes increase the worth of the present edition, we are disposed to think the impression produced upon the mind of the beholder is less favourable to Cicero's intellectual greatness than his amiability of character, and is calculated rather to lower than heighten the estimate which a student of his speeches and philosophical works would be likely to form of him.

In *Rules for ascertaining the Sense conveyed in Ancient Greek Manuscripts*, by Herman Heinfetter, are explained the principles of interpretation exemplified in *A Literal Translation of the Gospel according to St. John*, by the same author.—Beginners of Arabic may obtain useful aid from *Arabic Lessons; consisting of Extracts from the Koran, and other Sources, Grammatically Analyzed and Translated, with the Elements of Arabic Grammar*, by Rev. N. Davies and Mr. B. Davidson.—Spanish students who have acquired some familiarity with the grammar will find a good reading-book in *Modelas de Literatura Española, or Choice Selections in Prose, Poetry, and the Drama*, by Emanuel Del Mar.—With regard to *Hints on Latin Writing*, by Rev. E. Walford, M.A., we would remark that, though good in quality, they are brought before the reader in a very inconvenient form, and at an exorbitant price.—*The Juvenile Treasury of French Conversation*, by M. Le Page, and *Introduction to French Prose*, by C. L. Laségue, are serviceable books for purposes contemplated in each.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bainbridge's (W. H.) *Early Education*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Bartlett's *Pilgrim Fathers*, 2nd edit. revised, royal 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Bromby's *Liturgical and Church History*, new edit. cr. 8vo. 1s. 9d. cl.
Burgener's *Julian*, or, the Close of an Era, 2 vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Burgener's (Rev. H.) *The Power of Personal Godliness*, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Candlish's *Examination of Maurice's Theological Essays*, 6s. cl.
Casell's *Natural History, Feathered Tribes*, imp. 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Dawn in the East, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Dorri's (Rev. R.) *History of a Prayer-Book*, 2nd edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Drummond's (H.) *Fate of Christendom*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Eddy's *Heroes of the Missionary Enterprise*, 2nd edit. 3s. 6d. cl.
Family Sunday Services, 8vo. 3s. 6d. roan. gilt.
Forster's (Rev. C.) *One Primeval Language*, Part 3, 8vo. 21s. cl.
Fowler's *Turkey*, with Notes, by Spicer, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Gordon's *Christ as made known to the Ancient Church*, 3 vols. 21s.
Graham's *Popular Readings on the Revelation*, People's Ed. 1s. 6d.
Gray and Shirreff's *Thoughts on Self-Culture*, 2nd edit. 7s. 6d. cl.
Grosvener's (Lord R.) *Leaves from my Journal*, 2nd edit. 3s. 6d. cl.
Guthrie's (J. C.) *First False Step*, a Poem, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Hunter on the Venereal Disease, ed. by Bamsstead, royal 8vo. 15s.
Jay (Rev. W.) *Portraiture of*, by Rev. T. Wallace, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Julie; or, Love and Duty, by E. F. Cannon (godliness), 2 vols. 21s.
Lamplighter, 8vo. 1s. 6d. 1st. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.
La Roche (H.) *On Pneumonia*, 8vo. 18s. cl.
Letters on the Nadai, ed. by Misses Senhouse, 2nd edit. 3s. 6d.
Looking unto Jesus, new edit. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Macviller's (J. G.) *Scarlet Mystery*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Maude's (Hon. Mrs. F.) *Montezuma Abbey*, a Tale, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Murray's *Brit. Class.* "Gleanings at Work," Vols. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Quckett's (J.) *Lectures on Histology*, Vol. 2, 8vo. 18s. cl.
Richardson's (G.) *Elements of Human Anatomy*, 8vo. 18s. shp.
Richellen and Mazarin, *Lives of*, cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Stamboul and the Sea of Gens, new edit. post 8vo. 5s. cl.
Strickland's *Lives of Queens of Scotland*, Vol. 3, 2nd edit. 10s. 6d.
Tye's *Popular Flowers*, 3rd Series, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Vidal on Venereal Diseases, trans. and edit. by Blackman, 2s. cl.
Webb's (Mrs. J. R.) *Noomi*, 12th edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Westminster Abbey, by Author of 'Whitfriars', 3 vols. 21s. 6d. cl.

GEORGE NEWPORT.

The scientific world has sustained a loss in Mr. Newport, who died at his residence in Cambridge Street, Hyde Park, on Friday, the 6th of April. It is generally known to those who take an interest in the progress of science that Mr. Newport was engaged in a series of physiological investigations, which were not complete at the time of his decease. The experiments he was performing led indirectly to his death. For having occasion to examine living structures in the course of his researches, he was induced one day last month to spend some time in procuring a supply of living frogs in the marshy grounds about Shepherd's Bush, where he seems to have contracted the fever that has terminated fatally. Mr. Newport, though not latterly actively engaged in practice, was a member of the medical profession. He became a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1835, and was elected an Honorary Fellow of the College in 1843. He was not, however, originally intended for the medical profession. Whilst engaged in business in his native town of Canterbury, his mind was directed towards scientific pursuits through the influence of one of those Societies for the cultivation of literature and science now happily so general throughout the country. On the establishment of a Natural History Museum at Canterbury, the habits and tastes of young Newport at once pointed him out as the person for the post of Curator. Eventually, his fondness for anatomical and physiological pursuits induced him to seek to enter the medical profession. This he accomplished by becoming the pupil of Mr. Weeks, of Sandwich, and afterwards attending the lectures delivered in the Medical School of the then London University, now University College. Here he pursued his medical studies with great assiduity. He became aware that some of the researches, in which as a lad he had been engaged as a labourer of love, were fraught with new and important facts on the structure of the department of the animal kingdom to which they had been devoted. This led to the drawing up of his first paper on the nervous system of the *Sphinx Ligustri*, and on the changes which it undergoes during a part of the metamorphoses of the insect. This paper was read before the Royal Society, and was afterwards published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. It was no sooner known than it gave its author a first rank amongst anatomical and physiological observers. This paper was distinguished for the minuteness and delicacy of the facts investigated, as well as for the laborious and conscientious manner in which its author detailed the various parts in the organization at different periods of its growth of the insect to which it was devoted. His reputation as the author of this paper was founded, not on the fact that he had laboriously dissected one insect, but that on examining accurately one member of a series, he had illustrated to a greater or less extent the structure of the whole series. The honour conferred on Lyonnnet by posterity for his diligent dissections of a single caterpillar, can be fairly claimed for Newport for his paper on *Sphinx Ligustri*. After the publication of this paper, he still directed his attention to the structure and functions of insects. Amongst his numerous contributions to the *Transactions of our scientific Societies* and the pages of our journals, will be found papers on the Respiration and Temperature of insects. In these papers he displayed great ingenuity in devising experiments upon subjects, the investigation of which is naturally attended with considerable difficulty. The results explained in these researches are highly interesting, as confirming the general laws of the development of animal heat as observed in higher animals. His researches on the structure and development of the blood in insects, may be pointed out as amongst the earliest contributions

to our knowledge of the morphology of the blood-corpuscle. A series of papers on the reproduction of lost parts, as the legs, in various forms of insects and spiders, may be also pointed out as characteristic of his power of observation and the value of his researches. In these papers he first drew attention to the analogy between the structure and development of the external skeleton of the articulate animals, and the internal skeleton of the Vertebrata.

Although constantly engaged in the investigation of the structure of insects, he was not largely acquainted with systematic entomology. He was evidently drawn to the insect kingdom by their marvellous diversities of form,—but he did not rest there, he sought for the cause of the external form in the internal microscopic structure. He, however, acquired an extended knowledge of the family Myriapoda, and in a paper on this group of insects published in the *Linnean Transactions*, he displayed a comprehensive knowledge of the principles which ought to guide the naturalist in the classification of the insect kingdom. The list of the specimens of Myriapoda in the collection of the British Museum are arranged in conformity with the classification adopted in this paper.

At first sight such researches as those of Mr. Newport could scarcely be deemed capable of practical application; but we find him engaged in researches upon the anatomy, habits, and economy of the Saw-fly of the Turnip; and obtaining for his researches on this subject the prize of the Entomological Society, and a prize from one of the earliest and most useful of our agricultural associations, that of Saffron Walden in Essex.

His observations on the habits of insects were numerous. These are well illustrated in his papers on various parasitic insects, especially those attacking the honey and other bees. In this department of entomological inquiry he has contributed by far the largest and most important group of facts extant.

Mr. Newport's knowledge of insect anatomy and physiology recommended him to the Fellows of the Entomological Society, and in the years 1844 and 1845 he was elected by them to the important office of President of that Society. In the proceedings of this Society, as well as in the cultivation of Entomology generally, the influence of his genius has been remarkably felt. In a science like Entomology, where so great a number of forms are to be observed, there is always a great tendency in its cultivators to disregard the relations of their subject to the rest of the animal creation, and to disregard internal structure and physiology. To this tendency the researches of Mr. Newport presented a constant check, and what Victor Audouin was to the Entomology of France he was to this science in England.

In 1846 Mr. Newport was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and twice did he receive the royal medal of this Society for his valuable papers published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. He was subsequently elected on the Council of this Society. He was also a Fellow of the Linnean Society, and member of its Council, and many of his most valuable papers found a place in the *Transactions* of this Society. He was also elected an Honorary Member of many of the learned Societies on the Continent.

When we say that his merits were more generally estimated on the Continent than in his own country, we state what often happens to men in a country where science is barely recognized in her Universities, and where its devotees have often to pursue their labours amidst poverty and neglect. Mr. Newport's labours were, however, rewarded by the Government of this country by a pension, which, small as it was, induced him to give up all dependence on his profession for a livelihood, and devote himself entirely to science. His last labours, and those to which he apparently fell a sacrifice, were the most important. They consisted of a series of observations, part of which have been already published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, on the changes undergone in the ovum of the frog during its development. Already important conclusions had been arrived at. His work remains, though he is gone.

Those who knew Mr. Newport intimately will deeply lament his loss. He was as conscientious and upright in all his private relations as he was in his public labours. He died at the age of fifty-one, when many services might have been expected from his patient and laborious habits of observation.

JOHN HOLMES.

A loss has been sustained by the British Museum in the death of Mr. John Holmes, Assistant-Keeper of the Manuscripts. The calamity will be felt beyond the limits of that establishment,—for many are those whom it will deprive of a guide in works of historical and antiquarian interest. Mr. Holmes was born at Deptford, on the 17th of July, 1800. Early in the year 1830 he received his appointment in the Museum, having recommended himself to the Trustees by a copious and accurate Catalogue of a Collection of Manuscripts, offered to the public for sale, by Mr. Cochrane, of the Strand. "Mr. Holmes," says a Correspondent, "was distinguished by a rare strength of memory, combined with great general capacity and activity of mind, which he had especially exercised in historical, biographical, and bibliographical studies. It may easily be conceived with what advantage he was able to use these powers in the service he had now undertaken. The Catalogue of the Arundel and Burney collections of manuscripts, comprising works in theology, classical literature, history, civil law, and other subjects, is a witness of his abilities. Completeness and precision of description distinguish this work among others of a similar nature; and these excellencies may (without disparagement to the able officers concerned in the publication) be referred mainly to the example and the exertions of Mr. Holmes. He continued the habit of minute inquiry during the whole period of his service in the British Museum,—and this principle of thorough investigation, combined with rare bibliographical information, has been of permanent use to the Department. He had been of late chiefly occupied in compiling a catalogue of the manuscript maps and plans dispersed among the different collections, which have hitherto been either imperfectly described, or altogether unnoticed. Of this important and extensive work, he was engaged in revising the final sheets when death snatched him away from amongst us."—The duties of his office left Mr. Holmes little leisure for book-writing. From time to time, however, he communicated papers of great interest to the literary periodicals—the *Athenæum* included,—and his bibliographical knowledge was exhibited in an article in the *Quarterly Review* for May, 1843, on the subject of 'Libraries and Catalogues.' What he did sparingly, however, for himself, he did largely for others; and many are the works of good repute, especially on historical subjects, which are indebted to his unostentatious labours for much of their information. We may instance Dr. Wordsworth's 'Ecclesiastical Biography,' first published in the year 1810, and since frequently reprinted,—every successive edition of which has been enriched with notes by Mr. Holmes. The 'Diary of Pepys,' edited by Lord Braybrooke, and 'Evelyn's Life of Mrs. Godolphin,' edited by the present Bishop of Oxford, are both indebted to him for valuable illustrative notes. The value of his information was much enhanced by the liberality with which he imparted it, and by his entire freedom from jealousy towards others.—"Never man," says our Correspondent, "had a kinder heart or a more candid nature; and the memory of his worth will be preserved with the sincerest affection by his conditors in the Museum."

BABYLONIAN DISCOVERY.

Queen Semiramis.

IN continuation of my letter of Jan. 25 [ante, p. 341], I now hasten to announce a further discovery, which verifies the only point reserved as doubtful in my former historical scheme,—and which is moreover of immense importance in explaining the mingled fable and tradition of the Greeks. It may be remembered that I identified a certain Assyrian king, whose cuneiform name I read with some hesitation

as Phal-lukha, with the Pul or *Φαλωχ* of Scripture and the Belochus of the Greeks, and that I supposed the upper royal line to have ended with this king, in B.C. 747, from which date commenced the Era of Nabonassar in the neighbouring independent kingdom of Babylonia. I need not repeat the arguments with which I supported the identification in question, nor allude again to the singular agreement of the Greek historians in connecting Belochus with a Scytho-Arian invasion of Assyria through the presumed instrumentality of his foreign wife, who is named indifferently Atossa and Semiramis, and who is always represented as joint monarch with her husband. The discovery which I have now to announce is, that within the last few days the workmen employed in the service of the British Museum have disinterred from the ruins of the S.E. Palace at Nimrud a perfect statue of the God Nebo, inscribed across the breast with a legend of twelve lines, which states that the figure in question was executed by a certain sculptor of Calah, (a) and dedicated by him to his Lord, Phal-lukha, King of Assyria, and to his Lady, Sammuramit, Queen of the Palace. Before proceeding to comment upon this discovery of the name of Semiramis, and the important historical results to be obtained from it, I must premise that the reading of Sammuramit is quite certain; and that the type of character employed in the inscription is equally decisive as to the attribution of the legend to Phal-lukha III., and not to either of the earlier monarchs of the same name.

Now, the immediate result of this new inscription is the verification of the reading of the cuneiform name Phal-lukha (b) and the determinate identification of the king to whom the name belonged with the monarch whose title is written *Φαλωχ* by the Septuagint and *Βηλοχος* by Eusebius; for as Belochus and Semiramis are the only sovereigns in the Greek-Assyrian lists who reign jointly, so the union of Phal-lukha and Sammuramit on the statue of Nebo affords the only instance in the whole range of the cuneiform inscriptions of a royal Assyrian lady being placed on an equality with her husband, or indeed of a Queen of Nineveh being ever mentioned by name; (c) but the inferences which may be drawn from our happy recovery of the name of Semiramis extend much further, and throw a flood of light upon Grecian history.

In the first place it must be remembered that Herodotus, the most ancient as well as the most

(a) It is further worthy of remark, that in this inscription the territorial name of Sutan is mentioned in conjunction with that of the city of Calah, *בִּלְכַּל* being the title given by the Samaritan interpreter for the Hebrew *רִהַב* (Rehoboth Ir) in Genesis, x. 11, as by the same authority, and in the same passage, *לִכְסִי* is substituted for *לִכְרִי*. As Calah, then, or Lakisah (corrupted by Xenophon to *Λακισσα*), is certainly Nimrud, the Kalah of the inscriptions, so we may presume that Rehoboth, or Sutan, is the neighbouring city of Semelmia, where there are still extensive ruins of the Assyrian period.

(b) In regard to the orthography of this name, that is, to the precise sound of the first element, I must observe that the Greeks in rendering Assyrian proper names, seem to have rarely made a distinction between the God whose title I read as Phal and the better known Bil or Belus. Thus, the Greek lists have everywhere *Βηλ* for the first element of this name, and in the same way *Χουμάρβηλ* stands for Shamas-phal. The latter name, however, is often written with *Βολος* instead of *βηλος*, and St. Jerome even writes Belochus for the *Βηλοχος* of Eusebius, the orthography in these cases more nearly resembling the Hebrew (פֶּל) Pul or Phul. In writing Phal, I merely rely on the *Φαλωχ* of the LXX. and on the Hebrew orthography of *אֲמִרְסִי* (Genesis, xiv. 1). A still more material corruption of the true sound of the name of this god occurs in the Hebrew orthography of *בִּלְכַּל*, Ben-hadad, for the predecessor of the Syrian king Hazael, the cuneiform reading of the name being, I think, Phal-haddal.

(c) The queens of the Arabs, on the other hand, are often mentioned, whom I still maintain to have reigned in Arabia Petrea and not in Arabia Felix, and one of whom I believe to have visited Solomon; for in the inscriptions the Chief of Saba, or Sheba, is joined with the Queen of the Arabs in bringing tribute to Sargon, when that monarch, by defeating the King of Gazah at Raphia, made his power felt in the north of Egypt and Arabia. The title of "Queen of the South" will apply to Edom as well as to Yemen, in reference to Palestine, and it is far more reasonable to understand a queen travelling from Petra, or even from Mount Sinai, to Jerusalem, than to suppose that the influence of Sargon or the glory of Solomon had penetrated to the southern extremity of the Arabian peninsula.

authentic of Greek historians, places Semiramis, the famous Queen of Babylon, at an interval of only five generations above Nitocris, indicating by this latter name the wife of Nebuchadnezzar, (d) and, secondly, that five generations at the average rate of thirty years each, give a result of 150 years, which is the exact interval between the accession of Nebuchadnezzar (B.C. 604) and the commencement of the Era of Nabonassar (B.C. 747), when, as I shall presently show, Babylonia in all probability became severed from Assyria through the instrumentality of Queen Semiramis.

The great fact, indeed, at which we have now arrived is, I think, that the original Greek story of Ninus and Semiramis, which is familiar to every one, is nothing more than a myth,—the historical basis of which rests on the marriage of the last king of the upper line of Nineveh,—whose real name was Phal-lukha, but who was known to the Greeks by the eponyms of Ninus and Sardanapalus, as well as under the corrupted form of Belochus,—with a foreign princess, whose native name was Atossa, but who adopted, on becoming Queen of Assyria, the Semitic title of Semiramis. (e) The chronological authority of Herodotus for the age of the Babylonian Semiramis is of vast importance;—not less so is the double name of Atossa and Semiramis given by Eusebius from the ancient lists to the queen of that Belochus who is stated by all the chronologists to have been engaged in war with Perseus, the Arian eponym, and who is, moreover, expressly mentioned by Agathias, quoting from Bion and Polyhistor, as the last monarch of the upper Assyrian dynasty. A still more important testimony, as I think, to the identification of the Sammuramit of the inscriptions, as the true historical Semiramis, is the remarkable statement of Photius, that Conon, who under Augustus wrote a treatise on Assyrian affairs, ascribed to Semiramis those hateful acts, and especially her incestuous intercourse with her son, which other historians attributed to Atossa; as if in the age of Photius there were works still extant which portrayed the foreign wife of Belochus in a character now alone known to us as appertaining to the mythical wife of Ninus.

I will now briefly state my conjectures as to the real history of Semiramis:—I believe her to have lived in the eighth century B.C.; to have been the daughter of the King of Medo-Armenia; to have married Phal-lukha, the King of Assyria; and to have reigned with her husband as joint monarch at Nineveh. For her Medo-Armenian origin, I refer, in the first place, to the name of Achuradista, which is assigned to the wife of Belochus in the Armenian Eusebius, and which I explain as Akhrt Ardistā, "the sister of Ardistā,"—the latter title (f) being that which is given in the inscriptions to a very powerful monarch of Medo-Armenia, who ascended the throne a few years subsequently, and who was ultimately defeated by Sargon. Her Armenian descent again furnishes us with a clue to the greater number of the Greek fables regarding her; if, for instance, there be any truth in the Eastern campaigns of Semiramis,—and it must be remembered that the circumstantial accounts of Ctesias, of Justin, and of

Polyseus, are corroborated by the local traditions preserved by Pliny, and especially by Strabo, with regard to the eastern cities of her foundation, her aqueducts, her colossal mounds, and many other noble works,—they can only be explained as referring to the exploits of the Medo-Armenian kings; in fact, it seems to me that from the plains of Assyria eastward to the frontiers of India, Semiramis is the eponym of the Medo-Armenian empire, the chief seat of which was established at Van;—hence all the Armenian traditions regarding her, handed down by Cephalion and others, and current even in the time of Moses of Chorene;—hence, too, the name of Shemiram-gird, which attached to the city of Van, the capital of Ardistā, where the Medo-Armenian annals are still preserved inscribed indelibly on the rock;—hence, also, her connexion with the Median Bisitun, the scene, according to Nicolaus, of her slaughter of the sons of Ormes, (g) and where her figure was seen by Ctesias, and her "stele" existed as late as the time of Isidore of Charax. (h)

I should further conjecture that the Medo-Armenian attack upon Assyria, figured by Ctesias and his school as the revolt of Arbaces, but by Cephalion, Pausanias and the Chronologists as the invasion of Perseus, the eponym of the Arian race, was brought about at the invitation of Queen Semiramis. Perhaps she really proved unfaithful to Phal-lukha, and expelled him from Nineveh, as the fabulous Semiramis treated Ninus, bringing in her Scytho-Arian relatives; at any rate, it seems almost certain that after the expulsion of Phal-lukha and the establishment of a new dynasty at Nineveh under Tiglath-Pileser, (the Baletar of Polyhistor and the Canon, and perhaps the Beleses of Ctesias,) she descended upon Babylon, either as a refugee or a conqueror, and there instituted the Era of Nabonassar B.C. 747. Thus only indeed can we explain the chronological date of Herodotus and the agreement of all writers in connecting her name with the great works at Babylon, with the hanging gardens built for a Median Princess, the famous dyke of Semiramis, the city walls and the canals. It is possible that Dr. Hincks may be right in referring to Babylon the names of Babilu and Babiluni which occur at Van, (i) in the account of an expedition conducted by the son of Ardistā against a distant country; and in that case it would be likely that Semiramis had been supplanted by Merodach-Baladan, and that her cause had been avenged by her nephew. There is still, however, much difficulty in clearing up this portion of history. Tiglath-Pileser attacked Babylon in his first year (B.C. 746), took Sippar, "the city of the sun," and many other places, and drove out and executed the Babylonian king Nebo-vasappan. There is no mention in the inscriptions either of Nabonassar or of Semiramis at this period, and the reign of Tiglath-Pileser's successor, Shalmaneser, is, as I have before stated, almost blank.

Sargon again invaded Babylon both in B.C. 721, and twelve years later, in 709,—expelling Merodach-Baladan on the last occasion. If, therefore, the son of Ardistā really attacked Babylonia to avenge the cause of his aunt Semiramis, it must have been after this last date, and before B.C. 702, when Sennacherib, in his first year, again invaded the province, drove out Merodach-Baladan a second time, and established Belibus in his place. Altogether, the connexion of Semiramis with Babylon, and even her position with regard to Tiglath-Pileser at Nineveh, are subjects still enveloped in much doubt. All that I believe to have been positively gained for history by the recovery of her name upon the statue of Nebo, is the determinate identification of Belochus with Pul, or Phal-lukha, and the almost certain inference that this is the same king who is generally called by the eponymous names Sardanapalus or Ninus, and who was driven from his throne by a Scytho-Arian invasion, at the same time that the Era of Nabonassar was established at Babylon, and the lower dynasty com-

menced in Assyria. The connexion of Semiramis, the wife of Belochus, with these invaders is plausible, but requires confirmation. On the etymology of the name of Sammuramit I reserve my opinion for the present.

H. C. RAWLINSON.

Bagdad, February 21.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

ONE of the first steps taken towards the formation of the Trade Museum of the Society of Arts has been the commencement of a collection of samples of every variety of wool, from all parts of the empire. Circulars to all the sheep-breeders of England have been drawn up, with the advice and co-operation of the President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England; and the aid of the Royal Society of Dublin has been promised in making known the objects and nature of the Museum to the producers of Ireland.

From America we hear that Mr. Bancroft is drawing his historical labours to a close. The sixth and last volume of his 'History of the American Revolution' is about to appear.—The *Literary World*, one of the many imitations of the *Athenæum* in the United States, has ceased to appear.—We also hear that a new work by Mrs. Stowe is in the press, the title of which describes the subject—'Sunny Memoirs of Foreign Lands.' The work is to be illustrated.

Scotch journals have found a grievance against Lord Palmerston, which they are urging with characteristic vehemence. The question is one of abuse of patronage,—and if they tell the story fairly, it is pretty certain that they have a case. This is their version of the matter:—In consequence of the age of Prof. Duncan—who now fills the Chair of Mathematics in the United College of St. Andrews—Cambridge mathematicians of the most distinguished eminence, and several Scottish mathematicians eminent for their original researches and writings, have been looking forward to this high appointment as an object of ambition, never doubting that it would be given to the most deserving. Without the knowledge of any member of the college, or of the University, it is said that Prof. Duncan applied to the Lord Advocate of Scotland for an assistant and successor, recommending an old pupil, Dr. George Lees. Without any testimonial, and known only as a teacher of youth in the Naval and Military Academy, and a lecturer in experimental philosophy, say the discontented, Dr. Lees was, without competition, and without the knowledge of the University, or any of its members, promised the appointment. His patrons, however, having found that it was illegal to anticipate patronage by the appointment of an assistant and successor, adopted the expedient of appointing Dr. Lees "assistant to Prof. Duncan, with all the powers and privileges of a Professor in the University," thus empowering him to sit in the United College and in the University, and vote with Prof. Duncan on all questions affecting the statutory rights, the patrimonial interests, and the academical privileges of the Professors—among which is the right of patronage of five chairs in the University, and four livings in the church. After consulting two of the most eminent counsel of the Scotch bar, who declare the presentation to be illegal, the University has refused to induct Dr. Lees, and has resolved to carry the case to the House of Lords, should Government not withdraw the presentation. Thus stands the case at present as between the Home Secretary and the University, on the showing of the latter. Doubtless we shall have ere long the other version of this quarrel.

We are glad to learn from Dublin that some attempt is to be made to put the national records there preserved in order. We say preserved:—but this is almost an abuse of terms. As our English Records lie—some of them above the powder magazines of the Tower—others in the damp and dirt of Westminster,—so the most precious vouchers of Irish history are "trampled under foot on the floor of the dome of the Four Courts, lie beneath the level of the Liffey in the Custom House, or stand in heaps amid dust and damp in the old Prison Tower of Dublin Castle." No one knows the contents of these papers:—it is only

(d) The public works, at any rate, attributed by Herodotus to Nitocris were certainly executed by Nebuchadnezzar, as is duly attested by Berosus, and further proved by the Babylonian cuneiform annals.

(e) That Atossa is an Arian or Scytho-Arian name is proved by its frequent use among the Achemenides: it was borne, for example, both by the aunt and the wife of Cyrus the Great. With regard, however, to the Semitic origin of the name of Sammuramit, I cannot speak with the same certainty;—the name is not written with any of the usual Assyrian elements; and if it be a single word, it must be derived from a quadriliteral root; but, on the other hand, it closely resembles the Hebrew שִׁמְרַיִם, the termination is an undoubted Semitic feminine affix; and the initial element *Sam* is the same which occurs in the name of the Arab Queen who brought tribute to Sargon; the inference being that it was used especially by Semitic nations in the composition of female names.

(f) It must be admitted that this name has been hitherto read both by Dr. Hincks and myself as *Argisti*; but I am by no means sure that the cuneiform signs had in all cases the same powers in Armenia and Assyria; and a variant orthography, moreover, of the second syllable, is rather in favour of *dis* than *gis*. At any rate, *dis* may be an error of the Armenian text for *gis*, or *gis* softened into *dis* would pass into *dis*, or *dis*, according to the laws of orthoepic change.

(g) I am not sure but that the Ormes of the Greeks may be the Vanna of the inscriptions, whom I conjecture to have been the father of Ardistā and Semiramis.

(h) This figure I may add, now nearly obliterated, and the fragments of the Stele, are to be seen at Bisitun at the present day.

(i) See Layard's 'Nineveh and Babylon,' p. 398.

known that they are national in interest, character, and importance. Imperfect "Lists" have been made of them, or some of them, by Sir W. Betham and by order of the late Record Commission; but of their contents no man can pretend to have any knowledge. Some change is, however, to take place. Col. Larcom—present Under-Secretary for Ireland—has cast an eye on these literary treasures; and with the zeal of an antiquary, he has given instructions to the Ulster King-at-Arms to direct the cleansing and superintend the examination of this vast mass of historical documents.

Every day the green meadows and the bright flowery slopes seem to retreat further and further. A long walk will scarcely bring the Londoner into contact with nature even now,—and if the race for piling stone on stone continues—and no sufficient care is taken to prevent so undesirable a consummation—we shall find ourselves walled in on every side. One green spot—one breathing space—one happy play-ground—still remains to us in Hampstead Heath:—but even this is threatened with assault. Last year, and in previous years, strenuous attempts were made to induce the House of Commons to consent that this salubrious and beautiful suburb should be built on and inclosed. Parliament has steadily rejected all the influences brought to bear against the public right to an enjoyment of that open space,—and we hope it will do so still. This year the proposal takes a more insidious form. The Bill has dropped the name of Hampstead, and taken that of Finchley Road,—as if the fields affected by it were not the same. Parliament, however, must be on its guard against encroachment. London cannot well afford to part with Hampstead Fields.

The French *Moniteur* contains an Imperial decree adopting a series of regulations for the Grand Exhibition of agricultural and manufacturing productions, and the works of Art of all nations, to be opened in Paris in 1855. The Exhibition, it is declared, is to open on the 1st of May of that year, and to be closed on the 31st of October. It is to be under the direction and surveillance of the Imperial Commission nominated by the decree of the 24th of December, 1853. The regulations are very liberal towards foreign exhibitors. For instance, the Government will convey gratuitously from the frontiers to Paris all articles sent to be exhibited. The owners may, if they please, mark the prices of their goods, and may sell them for French consumption, on payment of the duty, in calculating which damage occasioned by the transit and exposure in the Exhibition will be taken into account—a privilege which was not conceded in England. Articles absolutely prohibited by the French tariff may, nevertheless, be sold on payment of a duty of 20 per cent., which is the maximum to be levied.

Liverpool has published an index to its literary tastes in the shape of a Report on the reading and readers at its various Free Libraries for the first quarter of a year. Like the Manchester Report, on which we offered comment at the time of its appearance, this has also special points of interest. It shows that the free readers of Liverpool are not wholly given over to light literature. The books most in demand are biographies and histories:—of these, 8,576 volumes have been issued in the quarter. Novels come next in the list:—of these, 4,203 volumes have been issued. When it is borne in mind that novels are generally in three volumes, it will appear that the excess of solid over amusing reading in the Liverpool libraries has been noticeably great. In miscellaneous literature, the issues have been 868,—in geography and travels, 579,—in poetry and drama, 254,—in theology, morality, and metaphysics, 218,—in natural history, 181. In commerce and political economy only 18 volumes have been called for in the great commercial port, the second city of the great economical county,—while in science and art there have been no less than 215 readers. This is a curious fact. Among the novels, those most sought for—as was to be expected in a seaport—have been nautical novels. Marryat has had more readers than Scott. Only one book has been lost. At present, there are upwards of twelve hundred readers.

The Annual Report of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, which has just been issued to the 520 members, states that during the year, 18 members and 13 widows of members have received assistance from the funds to the amount of 624*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* The sum of 82*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*, was expended in stationery, advertisements, and sundry expenses. The receipts from subscriptions and donations were 452*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.*; balance from last year, 106*l.* 9*s.*; cash from invested capital, 406*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*; leaving a balance in hand of 257*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.* The amount of capital invested up to the present time is 20,904*l.*

Dr. Buist writes:—"The parties presently engaged in searching for the foundation of Macbeth's castle on Dunsinon Hill, might have saved themselves some trouble and avoided injuring a very interesting relic, had they paid a little heed to history. Macbeth was killed at the battle of Lumbannan, in Aberdeenshire; and there is no reason to suppose that he ever was at Dunsinon at all; and there is not the slightest evidence that there ever was a castle, or any similar structure, on the hill. The three mounds referred to by the Correspondent in the *Athenæum*, are those of the well-known, but ill-understood structures, called British or vitrified forts, a considerable part of the outer wall being covered with vitrified or melted matter—probably the results of beacon fires, and which abound so much in some of them, as made that of Finhaven long be regarded as the remains of a volcano. These Hill Forts are of very frequent occurrence in the north-east of Scotland; and I have examined the following ten in the near neighbourhood of Dunsinon. On the Lower Grampians, on the north side of Strathmore, running up from the sea, we have—1st, Catterthun; 2nd, Barry (Barrow?) Hill Alyth; 3rd, Glen Almond. On the south side of Strathmore, along the line of the Lidlid Hills, we have, 4, Finhaven; 5, Dunoanhan; 6, Dunsinon. Further south again, along the line of the Tay, you have, commanding its estuary on the north; 7, The Taw, of Tams, in Forfarshire, and along the lower Achills; 8, Norman's Taw, in Fife; 9, Glenfarg, near Abernethy, and Invermay in Strathern, both in Perthshire. I think it likely that the lines continue westward across Scotland; but my researches do not extend beyond Strathern. These forts invariably run in long chains from the sea into the interior, on the lower ranges of hills, skirting the great valleys. They are always seen by each other across the valley; and if used as signal stations, could communicate by zigzagging inland, or sometimes by direct line. There is no fort, however low its position, which is not visible from at least other two. For the most part they are built on isolated hills of moderate elevation, commanding a pass or highway through the country; but this is not always the case. They are perfectly uniform in point of shape and structure. They are always of elliptical form, with the longer axis from east to west, with the remains of a gateway and outer works to the east, and a deep well or pit to the west, sometimes within, sometimes just without the inclosure. They are surrounded by three large heavy mounds of loose stones, from ten to twenty feet in base, and nearly as much in elevation, without any trace of cement, of building, or manipulation. The space mostly melted is generally in the outer wall, in the direction facing the forts across the valley. The space in the interior, with the exception of the pit already referred to, is smooth, and tolerably level: in no single instance have I ever met with any trace of anything deserving the name of building. From the position of these forts they seem to have been intended as beacons, to give warning of the approach of the enemy from the sea, and as places of refuge from attack. As their shape is uniform, and quite independent of that of the eminence on which they are built, they probably were associated with some religious feeling or observance. I was busily engaged in these investigations fifteen years ago, when I went out to India, where I have been ever since. We have no good account of our hill forts, as a system, anywhere, though individual forts have been figured and described. I have no doubt they were pretty much in the same condition as they are now, at least 1,000 years

before Macbeth was born. I have written to the Society of the Scottish Antiquaries, recommending that the Trigonometrical Survey be applied to, to obtain plans and elevations of all this class of remains,—many of which are being destroyed before the march of agricultural improvement. The principal walls of that of Finhaven were, thirty years ago, carried away to fill drains with, on the estates of the Marquis of Huntley. The United States Government is at present publishing a magnificent set of volumes on the habits, customs, characters, and remains of the Aborigines of America. France and England are wisely expending large sums of money in investigating the antiquities of Asia Minor and Assyria; while the only fragments from which something can be learned of the early history of our own country are suffered to lie neglected at our doors. GEO. BUIST."

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1*s.* Catalogue, 6*d.* GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS.—Incorporated by Royal Charter.—THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this SOCIETY is NOW OPEN from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M. Admission, 1*s.* Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East. ALFRED CLINT, Hon. Sec.

GALLERY of GERMAN PAINTINGS.—THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the WORKS of MODERN GERMAN MASTERS is NOW OPEN daily, from 9 A.M. till dusk.—Admission, 1*s.*—Gallery, 108, New Bond Street, next door to the Clarence.

COLOSSEUM, Regent's Park.—Admission, 1*s.*—The original PANORAMA of LONDON BY DAY is exhibited daily, from half-past Ten till Five. Museum of Sculpture, Conservatories, Swiss Cottage, &c. The extraordinary PANORAMA of LONDON BY NIGHT, every Evening from Seven till Ten. Music from Two till Five, and during the Evening.—CYCLOPAMA, Albany Street, will RE-OPEN on MONDAY with a magnificent Panorama, of NAPLES, exhibiting the great Eruption of VESUVIUS and DESTRUCTION of POMPEII. Admission, 7*s.* with the present state of the Ruined City. These Views have been long in preparation, and will be exhibited with all the resources of this vast Establishment. Exhibited at Three and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1*s.*; Reserved Seats, 2*s.*

ROYAL GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—THE ROUTE of the BRITISH ARMY to the SEAT of WAR, combined with the DIORAMA of the OVERLAND MAIL, and Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Sebastopol, and the Dardanelles (from a Sketch by Lieut. O'Reilly, of the Retribution).—Afternoon, at 3; Evening, at 8 o'clock.—Admission, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, and 3*s.*

NOW OPEN, adjoining the Royal Polytechnic, Regent Street, MR. W. P. FRIDGEN'S Grand Moving Diorama of CANADA and the UNITED STATES; both with Descent of the NIAGARA and the River St. LAWRENCE; with Original Chorus of Canadian Boatmen, every Evening at 8 (except Saturday), and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3.—Amphitheatre, 1*s.*; Stalls, 2*s.*; Reserved Seats, 3*s.*; Private Boxes for Four, 15*s.*—Box-office open from 11 till 4.

EASTER HOLIDAYS—ATTRACTIVE NOVELTIES. ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—PATRON:—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.—THE SEAT of the WAR, showing the principal places on the DANUBE, KALAFAT, WIDDIN, GIURJEVO, SEBASTOPOL, the entrance to the BLACK SEA, BATTLE of SINOPLE and DESTRUCTION of the TURKISH FLEET, and other scenes (kindly supplied by the Proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*) EXHIBITED in a NEW SERIES of DISSOLVING VIEWS.—LECTURES by J. H. PEPPER, Esq., on the CHEMISTRY of PAPER MAKING, and its direction with Colours, and on VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY, and the ELECTRIC LIGHT by Dr. BACHOFFNER. Explanation of MODELS, MACHINERY, &c. &c.—Open Mornings and Evenings, except Saturday Evenings. Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, and Children under Ten years of age, Half-price.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES. Horticultural, 3.
Luncheon, 2.
— Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.
WED. Society of Arts, 8.—"On Water Meters," by Mr. Glynn.
— Description of Taylor's Water Meter, by Mr. Fothergill.
— Microscopical, 8.

FINE ARTS

EXHIBITION of GERMAN ART.

THE second annual Exhibition of the Works of Modern German Artists is now open at 168, New Bond-street. It furnishes but a sorry specimen of the German school, both as to quality and quantity. The figures are poor in colour, feeble in their modelling, and timid and rapid in their impasto. The landscapes, wanting in air and freshness, are muddy and opaque in the shadows, and hard and rigid in the outlines; their details are generally slurred, their water woolly and untrue in tone. With these great defects there is a peculiar character in them which is gratifying by its novelty, the scenes being from Norway and places as yet not much explored by us; the subjects are Continental and picturesque, and here and there is a bit of humour, or a touch of Nature, that repays us for many errors. Of the figure pieces, the most ambitious, and perhaps the best, is *The Death of Louis the Ninth* (No. 38). Herr Bewer has given a striking effect, by flushing with the last cloud of

sunset the Crusaders who are thronging round the canopied bed of the dying king, having suppressed the pilgrims, knights, and pages in the foreground, by painting them blue and cold,—too much so, indeed, to be true to the atmosphere of a Tunis evening. The handling is weak, but the expression is good, and the grouping poetical and effective. —A better picture in some points is "Where there is no money there is no law" (1):—a racy German proverb, full of meaning, which has been well illustrated by Herr Siegert. The picture represents a pale, angry hostess, pointing to a long score, which a Don Cesar de Bazan-sort of cavalier regards with utter indifference, as he enunciates the above well-known axiom. An arch page behind looks amused, though accustomed to such practical jokes; while an old toper in the background treats it with due philosophy. The colour, poor and monotonous, is the great drawback to a very clever painting.—Ritter's *Middy's Lecture* (47) is again exhibited,—the artist having died since the last Exhibition. We need scarcely recapitulate our praise of the admirable mock-seriousness of the three drunken sailors.—Herr Sell is vigorous and romantic in his *Defence of a Castle during the Thirty Years' War* (32). The wounded men, the soldier vowing vengeance, the watchmen, and their eager companions, form a good picture, which escapes being theatrical.—Herr Geselschap's *Solitude* (18) is an admirable little Dutch sketch of an old woman asleep, full of poetic naturalism, having just those few touches beyond the mere copyists that raise the imitator into the thinker and the man of talent.—Herr Prager's *Fruit Piece* (13) is an admirable and careful study. We have seldom seen anything happier than the effect of motion in the fountain of pearly bubbles rushing to the surface of the champagne glass: it has not the richness of Lance's flush of colour, but is quite as modestly truthful.—Herr Leu's Norwegian scenes have great beauty; but snow requires still more delicacy of perception to observe its faint tints than he seems to possess.—*The Mountain Rose* (45), by Herr Becker, is an extraordinary effect of sunset on snow mountains, behind which the moon rises. The whole Alpine range has the appearance of a pile of rose-coloured granite, and the contrast with the cold air of approaching night is excessively attractive.—*Waterfall in the Valley of Eifel* (57), by M. Larson, is very good, with the exception of the water, that takes up two-thirds of the picture, and resembles nothing on earth or in heaven. The trees generally are heavy and funereal, and have not the slightest lightness or leafiness.—*Scene in the Black Forest* (17), by Herr Boettcher, is distinguished by the skill with which the figures of the peasant girls and the woodman's son are inserted, but is sadly cold and lurid.—*Merry-making in Westphalia* (10), by J. W. Wallander, is a Wilkie subject, enlivened with all the ponderous torpid wit of Beer-land, and has very little indeed to redeem it.—*The Fisherman's Departure* (40), by F. Schlesinger, one of our own seaside subjects, is well treated, but with no great originality: the colouring is heavy and filmy, and has no thin sea air to relieve its opacity. Our superiority to Continental nations in colour and atmospheric effects, particularly when applied to landscape, is remarkably exemplified in these very inadequate representations of the school of Overbeck and Schadow.

THE RENAISSANCE COURT AT THE SYDENHAM PALACE.

THE decorative art of the fifteenth century is the apotheosis of upholstery. We part company for ever with the rough hewer and the nervous thinker, and in their place come the polisher and the marbler, the varnisher and the grainer. There are more leaves about the tree than ever, but they are the leaves of the parasite ivy, and the old trunk lies rotting within their strangling folds.

As the shivered rainbow suddenly dissolves into colourless rain, so Gothic architecture melted in a moment into the earth from which it rose. Men returned eagerly to their old lifeless barbarisms, and Byzantine peculiarities returned again to daily use. Foliage that had ceased to grow took

the place of the human form; and scroll-work, and lifeless, inert branches the place of glancing leaves. Where the wild, mysterious irregularities of the Gothic forest had been, the Renaissance planted acres of artificial flowers. In Nature and Art extremes are said to meet. This epoch's old age was a second childhood; it had the feebleness without the grace of infancy, its irrationality without its innocence: all its pains, but few of its pleasures. The Byzantine was Christian and progressive; the revival Pagan and retrograde. The one had faith, the other the power of detecting falsehood, but not that of discerning truth. The one built cathedrals, the other palaces and boudoirs. Clever mechanics loved the one, great thinkers the other. The one was all original, exhaustless and creative; the other servile, conventional, and untrue. The one a splendid lie; the other a stern truth. The Gothic appealed to the soul and roused aspirations while it confessed them to be insatiable; the Renaissance appealed to the senses, and enslaved them by the dogma of finality. The actual and the ideal, materialism and spirituality, earth and heaven, were opposed in the two styles. The self-denial, the earnestness and enthusiasm of the Gothic art perished when the solid metal of the chalice was hammered out to leaf over the saloons of debauched kings. The Renaissance decorators delighted in garlanded satyrs and not in angels,—in naked nymphs more than in draped martyrs,—in wanton Venus rather than in the Holy Mother. Artists no longer repaired to nature to pluck the flower or the fruit, but traded on stale conventions, prurient fables, and the dreams of other men's dreams. With that barbarous love of ornament that leads a savage to twine himself round with chains of human teeth, or to daub himself with the war paint, the followers of Palladio built up their façades with a patchwork of the Five Orders. If one was fine, they argued, five must be finer still. They had learnt to steal, but they did not know how to dispose of their plunder. The Doric was calm and severe, the Ionic graceful, and the Corinthian beautiful and luxuriant; jumbled together they resembled the incongruous splendour of that African king whom a traveller described as wearing a bad hat for a crown, a pair of breeches tied in a knot round his neck, a fish-strainer for a breastplate, a pair of spurs on his naked heels, and a hedge-stake for a sceptre. All now was smug, easy, rule and level. One gilded harpy balanced another; monotonous Cupids dangled a chain of cabbages round a cornice to order; and from measured ribbonds hung down trophies, arranged like panniers to match.

The old Titan race was swept away in the deluge of tasteless, lavish luxury. There were no longer men found whose awful disregard of human fame would deprive posterity even of their names. Gone for ever was that genius that had observed so deeply the bare flinty mountain peak and reproduced it in the spire,—that had copied the arch of the rainbow, or had imitated in the crypt the dark rock cave of the hermit,—that had in the vast organ imprisoned the tempest and forced it to roar in modulated harmonies,—and that had filled its broad lustrous windows with the imperishable and ever-blooming flowers of Paradise. There was no religious mystery about the Renaissance, no dim twilight of belfry towers, where the clock pulses as the world's heart beats, and the legendary bells fling out their wild music to the listening storm; no rocky crags of tower ever vocal with the birds' hymns of praise, though the priestly choir be all hushed within; no airy pinnacles which none but the ever-joyful doves can visit; no west fronts where king and confessor moulder, each in his niche, softly, beneath the sun and rain; no chantry chapels, where the redness of a distant window casts a flush as if of life on the stony brow of the praying effigy; no fretted porches where the monks could watch night and day for the wretch who craved a sanctuary; no sombre cells above aisle or nave, where the rare sunbeam was wont to come to the vigil keeper, as welcome as the spring is to the children, and comes still, now that his watchings are for ever ended. Are we repaid for the want of these things by gilded arabesques and stucco medallions, flimsy garlandings, and leering

satyrs, children without innocence, laughter without mirth, lustful Dianas and Venuses, half angels half devils, gods degraded to men and men sunk lower than the beasts, fantastic harpies ending in bunches of leaves, decapitated heads suspended by fillets, fruit that never grew, blunt from the mould and not sharp from the hand? Venus supplanted the Madonna, and the saints yielded their seats to the old gods, whose pedestals they had once usurped. St. George handed his spear with a bow to Mars; St. Dunstan his pincers to Vulcan, their rightful owner. Cherubims smiled into Cupids. The eleven thousand virgin mummies of Cologne bloomed into the Grecian nymphs of wood and sea. Satan did not require much change ere he appeared as the *rococo* Pan; his attendant spirits had very near at hand all the attributes of the *cinque-cento* satyrs.

We can scarcely overrate the depth of the classical influence in the fifteenth century. The old Greek spirit that once subdued its conqueror, Rome, now made subject the European mind. The spirit of Christianity was dying out, and the visions of Ovid were taking its place. We find Boccaccio calling the 'Art of Love' a holy book, and Petrarch placing all his hopes of immortality upon his Latin poems. Virgil and Hippocrates, who had figured in monkish fables as magicians and sorcerers, were now restored to their proper honours. Jason, Hercules, and Alexander began to re-appear as the heroes of knightly romances. The Medici revived at Florence the manners of the ancients,—the Borgias equalled Vitellius and Nero in the purity of their Latinity, and almost surpassed them in the impurity of their lives. The spirit of the Gothic art was ignorant, superstitious, and of a faith so redundant, and seeing so many hourly marvels in the earth and air, that it learnt at last to grow reckless, and disbelieve nothing; but the mind that could see on the shore of the visible ocean the giant St. Christopher carrying the infant Saviour on his back, would not be likely to sneer at Christ walking upon the Sea of Galilee. Polish and pedantry took the place of suggestive imperfections and typical imagery, the simple ejaculations upon old tombs changed to long lying records of faded virtues. The "God save thee," and "God be with thee," of the peasant's salutation were paganized into "good morrow" and "good bye."

But while we lament the Renaissance scepticism, its ostentation of knowledge, and pride of wealth, we cannot join the indiscriminate ridicule of its splendour and its beauty. Mr. Ruskin shows more of the temper of an angry witness than the calm impartiality of an arbitrating judge when he falls pell-mell upon the *cinque-cento* and all who uphold it. If colour is so religious an element of painting, and Titian excels Salvator, are not Titian's subjects often the grossest of all painters? Do we not owe to the Renaissance spirit the Elizabethan drama and even the Reformation? We think a mind so tolerant as Mr. Ruskin's of splay-feet, broken spines and dislocated necks, might bear a little with the robust vigour of Salvator and the tragic murkiness of Caravaggio. Surely Titian's colour equals that of Angelico? The mind that enjoys the fantasies of Turner's Golden Valley might find something to admire in Poussin's epic Storm. If Rembrandt is brown and grey, some excuse might be found in his climate; and if Salvator was a debauchee it might be urged that the thirteenth century had its vices, and blood was shed in the world before even Louis the Fourteenth donned his ambrosial wig.

The Renaissance Court, though equally divided as the Mediaeval between civil and ecclesiastical architecture, appears less discordant in its parts from the little distinction made in this style between the palace and the chapel. It was, however, perhaps even more difficult than in the former courts to harmoniously blend such stores of princely treasure without crowding the space like a sale room, or heaping it up like a marine store shop. Much judgment and great taste have succeeded in producing a Court which strikes you as congruous though walled on one side by Ghiberti's gates, and entered on the other by Goujon's great doorway from Fontainebleau. It must have required time and research to bring together without confusion

doors from Florence, statues from Venice, a painted ceiling from Perugia, an altar from the Certosa, and fountains from Nuremberg, besides all the splendours of the Elizabethan and later Italian divisions of this Court, which we shall consider in our next.

Ghiberti's great gate from the Baptistery at Florence is one of the two pronounced by Michael Angelo to be fit for the "gates of Paradise." A pupil of Giotto, Ghiberti is said to have begun them when just of age, carrying off the palm from his rivals Donatello and Brunelleschi, finishing them after twenty years' labour, in which he was aided by his father and nine other sculptors. West says they want breadth,—Reynolds thinks the landscape unduly preponderates, and that the Italian attempted effects beyond the reach of his art:—but happier and less critical men will regard them as all but perfect. They open in the middle, and are divided into ten panels of basso-relievo, representing Scriptural scenes. Round the border of the whole are bunches of lilies and lupines, ears of wheat and oak branches, birds and fruit,—from the inner borderings emerge the heads of saints and prophets, while in niches at intervals stand statues of Jewish kings and lawgivers. On the left hand side of this gate, fit for the portal of fairy-land, is the great doorway of Goujon, "the French Phidias," supported on either side by colossal Caryatides, whose drapery is a beautiful example of that ornamental branch of Art in which this sculptor excelled. Above the doors is a bronze stag and Diana, larger than life, from the collection at the Louvre; on either side are altars and sacrariums from the Certosa, richly hung with all the ornamental trophies of the Renaissance school, flourished over with rank foliage and intemperate in the morbid craving for display, which it seeks to indulge. Of the same age as the Ghiberti gate are some bassi-relievi by Donatello, delicately drawn, and full of simple, tender piety, reminding us of the feeling of Giotto, who was but just dead, yet free from all his archaisms and Byzantine conventions. The corridor of the Court is ornamented with a painted ceiling from the Exchange at Perugia, the design of Perugino and, it is supposed, of his pupil Raphael. The emblematical figures of the planets are inserted in medallions, and surrounded with a rich arabesque border. In the middle of the Court are two fountains: the one, from the poultry-market at Nuremberg, is crowned by a quaint figure of a peasant with a goose under either arm,—the other, from the Chateau de Gailliois, has for an apex a Cupid playing with a dolphin; both being completed with portions of the Venice Wells. Under the outer wall are two monuments of the Visconti,—a curious contrast to the more solemn effigies of an earlier century. In the centre of the whole will eventually stand the St. John and David of Donatello. The internal cornice is richly ornamented with a running arabesque, and the external façade towards the nave is formed by a boldly-sculptured rilievo from a public building at Rouen.

Every inch of available wall is covered with stained casts of old carvings, rough with grinning satyrs, cornucopias, Cupids holding tablets, birds pecking at fruit, ribbon-suspended medallions, and Graces overgrown with foliage,—the cutting of which is often so shallow as to have more resemblance to engraving than sculpture. The decorations are, the Roman grotesques, deepened into carving and divested of colour, which was now on the decline. The entrance doorway is paved with marble; and a border of painted tiles will surround the room. The walls are bright with gilding, over which trail the coloured tracery in royal profusion. The wood carving of this period almost usurps the place of stone, and burnished stucco the place of wood. In the alto-relievs on the Certosa Sacrament representing the Adoration of the Magi, the richness of detail and its multitude and splendour barely compensate for the simple piety of our own earlier work; and in a curious Italian sculpture of the Descent from the Cross, the expression of the faces is exaggerated; for in this style there is seldom a medium preserved between rapidity and extravagance, pedantry and indifference, pity and disgust.

The Renaissance may have been—as Mr. Ruskin

will remorselessly have it—base in its indulgence and base in its abstinence,—it may have fed the senses more than the heart,—and yet, though sensual, atheistical, materialistic, and licentious, it was refined in its execution. Its beauty, though meretricious, is still fascinating. If it has not piety enough for the cloister, it has glitter enough for the stage. Its patrons were not William of Wykeham and St. Bernard, but Francis the First, Henry the Fourth, and Louis the Fourteenth; its patronesses, not virgin martyrs, but Diana of Poitiers and Madame de Pompadour; and its habitat, Versailles, and not the Holy Land. It built more palaces than churches,—and it built its churches like its palaces, only less splendid. It was a style, not of gold, but of gilding,—not of oak and cedar, but of lacquer and veneer,—not of stone vault, but plaster ceiling,—not of pierced window, but fantastic shaftings. It delighted in velvet carpets instead of mosaics,—it carved wood rather than stone,—its ornament covers every surface, yet the eye never dwells on any single part with pleasure. It streamed forth its wearisome, costly novelties, in the person of Rubens, its great representative in painting, who pours at our feet shops-full of incongruous merchandise,—a dazzle of gold and dyes, robes, jewels, shells, and fruit. Its two greatest minds, Raffaello and Shakespeare, belong rather to the Gothic than the Renaissance influence. The one deals little with classicallities; and the other was immortalized by carrying to its climax the pious grace and tenderness of an earlier and a purer Art.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—It appears from a statement made by Sir William Molesworth, that London has lost its statue of George the Second. The figure—a compound of clay and lead, like its original—stood in Leicester Square—one of the eye-sores of the metropolis—and appears to have been carted away with other rubbish by Mr. Wyld when this gentleman was laying the foundations of the Great Globe. Mr. Wyld has unintentionally, and, as we think, without due warrant, done a good thing,—and, when he next thinks of carting away rubbish, we would strongly urge him to turn his adventurous attention towards the abomination at Hyde Park Corner. The privilege, however, so judiciously exercised in Leicester Square, is one obviously open to abuse. If Mr. Wyld may cart away our Georges, somebody else may hereafter claim the right to cart away our Victorias. No one appears to have control in the matter. Our statues have no owners—they are literally outcasts in the public streets; and any man may do unto them as seems good in his own eyes. Therefore, it is desirable that Sir William Molesworth should bring in his bill to place the metropolitan statues under care of a department of Public Works.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Wornum delivered his second lecture on Egyptian Decorative Art in the small theatre at Marlborough House. In his first lecture he surveyed the various temples on either bank of the Nile, from the sea to the Cataracts of Philæ, examining their characteristic distinctions and concluding by a few remarks on the glass work of Egypt, and the skill of the ancients as displayed in its manufacture. Last Tuesday he proceeded to consider the peculiar nature of Egyptian decoration as symbolical rather than æsthetic,—the latter element being either viewed by them as secondary or forgotten. Utility was the first object of their builders, as it was of those of all other nations. They needed no safeguard from the rain, but from the sun. Their huge overlapping cornices and bell capitals threw deep shadows that served as a grateful repose to the eye, wearied with the monotony of the level ocean of dazzling sand without. Every existing temple of Egypt is remarkable for these deep caves of shadow, massed out against the light. Mr. Wornum held that like nearly all nations but our own, and like the Greeks, they never separated form and colour. Every inch of their walls was covered with coloured intaglios, ingeniously cut into the stone, and not raised from its surface as in the Greek reliefs. Their favourite ornaments were the zigzag, the fret (or lozenge), the wave scroll, the cartouche, and the winged globe, all symbolical

and nearly all copied by the Greeks. It was, indeed, one peculiarity of Egyptian art that all nations seem to have drawn from it their types. The Jew in his seven-branched candlestick took the lotus cups and their mystic numbers; the Greek his zigzag honeysuckle pattern and fret. The zigzag was the Egyptians' emblem of the Nile—of water generally; the wave scroll of the sea in motion; the fret of the Labyrinth of Mœris, itself emblematical of the transmigration of the soul and its numerous stages of progression; the cartouche was a mere pannel to separate hieroglyphics; and the winged globe was an emblem of the Divine Providence that overshadowed the world. Mr. Wornum finally proceeded to enumerate the Egyptian skill in all useful arts. Their vases and jugs anticipated all our excellencies and even our defects,—their easy chairs were easier than ours,—their thrones of gold and ivory inlaid with choice woods,—their seats of leather and cane were of all variety of graceful and of necessary shapes. It had been said that the Egyptians possessed locomotives, but though he could not go quite so far, it had been found that they had used our latest artifices in dyeing cottons.—Mr. Wornum's next lecture will be on the Greek Decorative Art.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—THE EIGHT MATINÉES of the present season will take place, at half-past three o'clock, on TUESDAYS, April 25, May 2, 9, 16, 23, and 30, and 27, July 4.—No seats are reserved except for the Presidents and Committee, and no person can subscribe without being nominated by a Member. The Record of 1853, with a list of Members, may be had gratis, on applying to Mr. ELLA.—Members, on payment of their Subscription, are requested to take a receipt signed by the Treasurers, Cramer, Beale & Co. 201, Regent Street, or by the Director, 63, Welbeck Street.

St. MARTIN'S HALL.—Handels' 'Acis and Galatea,' Beethoven's 'Choral Fantasia,' with the Overture, and a Selection from Weber's 'Oberon,' will be performed on WEDNESDAY, April 19, under the direction of Mr. John Hullah. Principal Performers:—Madame Weiss, Miss Dettmer, Miss Poole, Mr. Augustus Graham, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Weiss. Pianoforte, Herr Pauer.—Tickets, 1s.; Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s., may be had of the Music-sellers, and at St. Martin's Hall. Doors open at seven; commences at half-past.

THE ROYAL OPERA, DRURY LANE.—THE SEASON will COMMENCE on MONDAY NEXT, April 17 (Easter Monday), when will be performed Bellini's Opera, 'NORMA.' 'Norma,' Madame Caradori, after which 'God save the Queen,' by the entire Company, to conclude with a Ballet Divertissement.—Prices:—Galleries, 1s.; Pit, 2s.; Boxes, 3s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Stalls, 7s.; Private Boxes, 12s., 20s., and 30s., may be had of the principal Music-sellers, and at the Box Office. The Subscription will include One Hundred Nights, commencing MONDAY April 24.

THE PASSIONS-MUSIK OF BACH.

FOR those who feel that criticism does ill to proceed by either violent abuse or unmitigated raptures, it is not easy to write of Sebastian Bach (taking his works as a whole) in a manner which shall seem cordial, yet be discriminating. His reputation is now universal as well as select,—but since the knowledge of his productions is shut up among the learned rather than diffused among the general public of connoisseurs, his genius is by the latter mainly valued on hearsay. So high, however, is this value, that any attempt to analyze his works runs the risk of being condemned as a misdemeanour little short of sacrilege.

Yet the rapturists in behalf of Sebastian Bach have, we think, been engaged and dazzled by his fertility and experiment into forgetting that experiment and creation are not synonymous; though the former may furnish the latter with all manner of precedents, hints, and combinations ready to hand. While it is perfectly true that the Sage of Leipzig left behind him a treasure of music for players on keyed instruments,—while it is no less indisputable that his orchestral works exhibit an original, vigorous, ingenious mind, trying itself in every direction and upon every combination that could in his day present itself,—it seems to us almost equally capable of demonstration, that in his vocal works experiment rather than expression was also often uppermost with the master,—that, writing, as he did, for scholars who must execute whatever he set before them, he was frequently more solicitous to produce novel harmonies, scientific disposition of parts, or such employment of intervals as should test the time and the tune of the singer with the most unflinching severity, than to commit to the latter that musical spirit of interpretation by which the emotions of the text selected may be most fully rendered. So far as we know his Motets, we often admire them, without much thinking of their mean-

ing. In the 'Credo' of his *Mass* in B minor occurs a pastoral ritornel for orchestra, as the main feature of a song which enunciates one of the clauses of the act of faith. We cannot suppose that such a giant in music as Bach wrought carelessly, far less irreverently—and thus we do not class enigmas like the above with such opera-bravuras as we find in Mozart's 'Kyrie's,—but in like examples we cannot but rank the Leipsic musician with the Donnes and Quarleses of English verse, and with the minor *concellisti* who wrote hymns in the shape of crosses, mortuary-urns, and flower-pots,—restlessly trying all manner of new metres, yet inventing few—and not with our Milton, who enriched the world's sacred poetry with a 'Paradise,' a 'Samson,' a 'Nativity Hymn.'

Of course, exceptions to a character like this could be pointed out;—of course cogent reasons could be found in the life and habits of the composer such as might, in some degree, explain his manner of working; but the remarks made are so vividly present to us as truths,—truths, moreover, which some have scrupled to utter from dread of appearing to take part with the flippant and the frivolous—that they cannot be withheld in preface to a few observations on the 'Passions-Musik,' after its recent performance by the Bach Society.

A complete comprehensive notice of a work so great and so peculiar would be impossible under the circumstances of its production. The Bach Society had, probably, done its utmost; but one important feature in the performance was so defective as to amount to a blemish. By the ear, no one present had a chance of ascertaining what the instrumental ideas and effects of the composer might be. The orchestra, it must be stated, was thoroughly bad. The chorus was better, and tolerably easy in its duties. Among the *solo* singers, Miss Dolby, who was thoroughly equal to the very difficult tasks allotted her, and Mr. Allen, who sang the recitatives of his part with so much skill, steadiness, and feeling as to cause regret that we hear him so seldom,—sustained the honour of the master and his work. Most interesting was the performance, in spite of all drawbacks: so interesting, indeed, that its repetition, with improvements, is a matter of course; but the amount of remark suggested, illustrating and justifying the general character above traced, is almost bewildering.

The general audience was, possibly, little aware of the amount of arrangement which the 'Passions-Musik' has had to undergo ere it could be rendered acceptable. It was performed the other evening (as was stated in the book of the words) from the version prepared by Mendelssohn for Leipsic. What do the purists make of such wholesale and important omissions as Nos. 12, 17, 18, 19, 28, 29, 40, 41, 57, 58, 61, 65, 66, 75, of the Berlin score of 1830—of no fewer, in short, than fourteen integral movements, most of them *solo* songs, too antiquated, long-drawn, and insipid, in spite of a certain grace and ingenuity, to be suffered by the taste of the day? Almost every song, it is true, has its *obligato* accompaniment, by which the player on lute, or *viol d'amore*, or *oboe di caccia* could shine,—but in none does the setting of the words appear to have been much cared for. They seem to us so many exhibitions and fancies scholastic, but not artistic:—and it is impossible to withhold the reflection that, were the chorals retrenched in like proportion, the 'Passions-Musik' would lose the greater part of such melodic beauty and relief as it possesses, distinct from what may be called its dramatic portions. May we not refer to our opening remarks as justified, when it has been seen that to fit a master-work for acceptance by a Mendelssohn, so much that the composer laboured lovingly to produce must be taken away, while the links of the chain must be left to represent the jewels which they merely bound together?—We cannot but think so: and, allowing for the peculiar circumstances which the 'Passions-Musik' was written to meet, we call the attention of those having the means for judgment not merely to the number of the songs left out, but, also, to their nature, in further illustration that, if the younger master of Leipsic was discreet, we have not been reverently critical.

To proceed:—the chorals retained have a twofold

peculiarity, to which sufficient attention has hardly been paid by those who are given to imitate every thing they may find, without considering what the original purpose or nature of the invention may have been. In the first place, they are not the composition of Bach, but German psalm tunes, from the Psalter, harmonized by Bach—in the second, they were introduced, we believe, that the congregation who witnessed the solemn service of Holy Week (for this 'Passions-Musik' is a piece of service-music, and not a work written for a spiritual concert) might take part in the rite. Hence, they are, in some degree, episodic rather than essential to the composition, if it be considered as a work of Art:—though, as matters stand, they have almost replaced a main feature which has been retrenched by reason of its conventionalism. One, however, No. 35, which closes the first part, is not treated congregationally so much as musical;—devices of symphony, episode, gloss, and extension being administered with a luxuriance of resource and an easy mastery of Art such as make the movement a wonder. Admirable, however, as this chorus is when looked into, a mixed impression is imparted to it by the elaborate and subtle treatment to which it has been subjected. The theme is not altogether lost, nor with it the impression of congregational performance; but its clauses are so separated with adornments, clear yet complex, that the ear is neither allowed wholly to lose it nor frankly to follow it. Such amplifications of the Choral as this, we submit, may have begun with the improvised interludes of the organist, and thus, when they are brought within the domain of regular composition, they come into the category of written graces, exercises of ingenuity, &c. &c. Hence, we rarely meet them without that impression of confused styles and effects being produced which does not belong to the right thing in its right place. While indicating a distinction, rather than an objection, we are well aware of the great names and authorities, which may be cited against us:—the above speculations, however, are worth considering; and, if they contain any portion of sound sense, may afford some reason for the limits to the popularity of the vocal writings of a composer who sometimes allowed conscious skill to take the place of a simple and self-postponing study of expression.

Again, a large portion of the 'Passions-Musik' is laid out in recitative,—that portion, too, which carries the weightiest words, and which conveys the most awful emotions, belonging to the great mysteries of Christian faith. Now, here, clearing judgment, so far as it is possible, of all the difficulties which must arise to an English listener, from the evasions of direct personification necessary to an English version—and trying the composition musically, not mystically—we confess ourselves unable to share the unquestioning admiration expressed by Bach's admirers, if we follow the declaimed German language, through the musical phrases with which it is mated by Bach. Tried against the great recitatives of Handel and Gluck, an impression of strain and weariness, and not of the most intimate possible consent of sound with sense, is produced. Nothing can be grander than some of the antiphonal bursts of chorus which carry on the dialogue,—as for instance in No. 54, the outbreak on the words "Crucify him!"—the ferocious sanguinary character of which is only exceeded by the science with which within its narrow limits the idea is expounded and completed; but passages could be cited, arid, characterless, and exhibiting that inattention to interval (possibly with the excuse of "word-painting") in which a musical Milton could not permit himself, whereas a musical Herbert or Donne could. No delivery—were it that of a Devrient and a Duprez united—could raise this recitative to such musical intensity as belongs to the great scenes of 'Iphigenia,' or of 'Jephtha,' or of 'Judas.' In truth, as regards the *solo* voice, we must return upon our first theme, and point to Bach as an experimentalist—not a creator—at least if the 'Passions Musik,' is to be lectured from.

But allowing the above distinctions their full weight in all fairness and honour, how grand and noble are the great passages of this Lent *Cantata*!

—The opening double chorus in B minor,—the chorus in F minor, with *recitative* No. 25,—and that to the delicious *oboe* air, with its voice accompaniment, immediately following, have a gigantic solemnity and a gravely sweet pathos, which are "of all time," and which are in the truest tone of Service music, because they are not in the least dramatic. This praise hardly applies to the double chorus *vivace*, led up to by the duett No. 35,—a specimen of ingenious mechanical contrivance which might have been expressly introduced to make the burst at its close more electrical in its force and fury. In this chorus the colossal grandeur and brilliancy of Handel in his finest specimens is equalled,—nay, possibly exceeded. The outbreak on the chord of F sharp after the pause [see p. 120 of the Berlin Score, 1830] and the continuous force with which the two choirs thenceforth bear each other up and onward, while the orchestra storms along, amount to one of those inspirations before which "the spirit bows" with wonder and breathless delight,—such as are very rare in Music.

Scarcely less admirable, though of a more tranquil order, is the final chorus of the 'Passions-Musik.' Here the master-thought is developed more fully than was possible in other numbers of the composition. The exceeding newness of this chorus is remarkable, the date of the work (1729) considered. The pattern of the leading phrases—the manner of progression—the manner in which voices and instruments play up to each other—is as modern as if Beethoven, not Bach, had been the author. This leads to another general remark, that in all the portions of the work where the creator, as distinguished from the experimentalist, is to be felt, the Leipsic master's treatment of the orchestra is felicitous, individual, and satisfactory,—not leaving the slightest suggestion of "additional accompaniments" as possible, or on any pretext to be desired. Whereas, in some of the songs retained, the voice has to struggle for a hearing, against an accompaniment of two *oboes*, ingeniously crossing, not to say covering it;—whereas, in the supplicatory air in B minor (No. 48), 'O Lord, have mercy upon us,' an *obligato* violin must distract the ear from the suppliant vocalist by its deliciously curious embroideries and rhythms and devices,—in the full portions of the work the effect could not be exceeded.—To expatiate on the incomparable scientific ingenuity with which this is effected would be needless.—Other speculations, comparisons, and appeals to admiration and respect must be reserved for some future hearing,—since there is little doubt but that future hearings there will be of the 'Passions-Musik.' The Bach Society has done us good service in opening the casket so long and obstinately closed. Its English version of the text, too, prepared, it is announced, by a lady, has been carefully done,—and the task was one of extraordinary difficulty.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Our experience of orchestral music does not yield us a better example of reading and execution than is afforded by the performances of this unobtrusive but excellent and valuable society, under the direction of Mr. Mellon;—whether the band be employed individually or in accompaniment. This day week the execution of Spohr's Symphony in D minor was perfection:—the *tempi* being true and the expression good, but not too good. Very ably, too, did the orchestra support Mr. Cooper in Mendelssohn's violin *Concerto*, and Miss A. Goddard in Mr. W. S. Bennett's steady-going concert *Allegro* which it has been his whim to call a *Caprice*. The overtures were Mr. Barnett's re-consideration of his overture to 'The Mountain Sylph' and Herr Lindpaintner's overture to 'Joko.' These concerts, both from their wise brevity and their excellence, may be safely recommended as among the choicest entertainments of the season to all who care for instrumental music.

AMATEUR SOCIETY.—The concert of Monday evening was precisely that which an amateur concert should be, as may be gathered, we think, from the following programme:—Part I. Symphony, No. 2 in D, Beethoven—Part Songs, Kreutzer,

Lachne
—Conc
Henry
—Part
Duett,
of perfo
Kreutz
Männer
Webel
way of
was—fi
the kno
phony
gentlen
we lea
a welco
concert
the am
was ma
drawba
is a ple
to com
from a
one els
Wagne
the ear
as a p
gander
have o
—the
are we
judged
duett,
their s

HEIN
music
spring
custom
dealt v
period
touche
perform
must b
has ca
fortnig
tania,
other
admira
has m
the ca
now a
delibe
in Eur
this y
times,
for br
of styl
ish, a
union
and t
though
and t
after
establi
many
ones,
and t
at pre
progr
it is p

Mr
hith
tudini
M. E
a Ge
unde
of M
adds,
Spon
sung
Oper
at D
has i
It
festi

Lachner, by the *London Deutscher Männer-Chor*.—Concert Overture No. 4, C. E. Stephens—Song, Henry Leslie.—March, 'Tannhäuser,' Wagner.—Part II. Concertino for Pianoforte, Benedict.—Duet, Miss Laura Barker.—Minuet (first time of performance), S. W. Waley.—Part Songs, Kreutzer, Mendelssohn, by the *London Deutscher Männer-Chor*.—Overture, 'Der Freischütz,' Von Weber.—Such a selection speaks for itself. By way of comment, we may add, that the orchestra was for an amateur orchestra—excellent, both in the known and in the new music—both in symphony and in accompaniment; that the German gentlemen, who have been only for a short time, we learn, under the training of Herr Pauer, gave a welcome and characteristic variety to the concert:—and that the performance of M. Benedict's *Concertino*, which is by no means child's play, by the amateur gentleman to whom it was entrusted, was masterly, firm, voluble, and complete without drawback. The Concert-overture by Mr. Stephens is a pleasing composition. A word of civil is now to come: Herr Wagner's march had been scored from an arrangement for a military band by some one else, and though (so far as we recollect) Herr Wagner's own scoring is not more agreeable to the ear, and though the composition asserts itself as a patchy mixture of *motivi*, which, with some grandeur and grace, are still too heterogeneous to have come together within the same composition:—the less we like the composer the more earnest are we that he should have a fair chance of being judged according to his real merits. The new song, duet, and instrumental minuet were all good in their several styles.

HERR ERNST.—The mass of London concert music of all classes and kinds which has been this spring 'delivered' (as tradesmen say) to concert customers, is without precedent, and only to be dealt with 'in the mass,' even by special musical periodicals. Incidentally or directly we have touched on most of the leading features of these performances. A separate line or two, however, must be devoted to the artist named above, who has carried everything before him during the last fortnight,—whether as a player of *concerto*, *fantasia*, or chamber music. This violinist and the other violinist have come and gone, have been admired and appreciated duly,—but public opinion has made common cause with private judgment, in the case of Herr Ernst, who stands before London now as the most popular, inasmuch as he is, to our deliberate judgment, the greatest instrumentalist in Europe before the public.—He is playing too, this year, more finely than ever. Uncertain, at times, Herr Ernst will and must always be; but for brilliancy of execution, grandeur, and passion of style, combined with a tenderness never mawkish, and an expression never exaggerated,—for a union of the greatest artistic qualities of the North and the South, of the solid and the beautiful, of thought and of spontaneity,—he is without a peer; and this seems more felt than ever, now that one after another great player has tried his spells and established his reputation in London. There are many great artists: there are very few *great* ones.—Herr Ernst belongs to the latter company; and that the distinction is so cordially recognized at present, is one of the many clear signs of English progress in musical taste and discernment, which it is pleasant to record.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The flight hither of foreign song-birds bids fair to be multitudinous this year. We learn that Signora Evers has again arrived in London, with her husband, M. Evers, a pianist,—also, Madame Rudersdorf, a German *prima donna* of some celebrity.—It is understood that Mdlle. Cruvelli will pass the month of May at the *Royal Italian Opera*, to sing, rumour adds, in 'Fidelio,' as well as in 'La Vestale' of Spontini.—A Lady called Mdlle. Vestvali, who has sung in Italy, will appear, it is said, in the Italian Opera performances which are about to be given at Drury Lane.—M. Wehle, yet another pianist, has also arrived from Paris for the season.

It has been decided, we learn, that no musical festival for the opening of St. George's Hall,

Liverpool, will take place. We have heard that the "powers that be" in that town had set their hearts on this magnificent room being inaugurated by Madame Goldschmidt, and, unable to secure her, have decided—in a manner which seems more summary and severe than sensible—that there is no possibility of engaging any singers that would be acceptable:—a series of great performances of great musical works being, apparently, not considered as likely to attract. And great performances, be it recollected, would be better ensured by the absence than the presence of the Swedish Lady,—since she has always eschewed making one of an equal *ensemble* as resolutely as did Madame Catalani in her opera-days, when "the others" with her were to be only "cinq poupees."

A new opera by Herr Dorn, 'The Nibelungen,' has been lately given at Berlin, with Madame Tuczek and Mdlle. Wagner in the principal female characters.—Friends from Zurich mention that Herr Wagner shortly intends to begin the composition of his trilogy of operas, that is to be presented on three successive evenings. Such a report, however, was in the German papers two years ago,—so that no new move by him in the destructive movement is to be looked for as imminent.—Herr Joachim's new overture to 'Hamlet' was played at one of the last *Gewand-haus* concerts at Leipzig,—but does not appear to have pleased greatly.—The following is from the *Musical World*:—"On the 2nd, the manager of the Opera at Gotha received a telegraphic despatch from a high official at the French Court, requesting that the score of the Duke's 'Casilda' might be instantly forwarded to Paris, as the Emperor wishes to surprise his Royal Highness by the production of his opera at the Grand Opera in Paris.—The Duke's new opera, 'Santa Chiara,' is announced for the beginning of April."—A new opera by M. von Flotow has been produced, we think, at Vienna, without apparently exciting any sensation.

There is even less news than of late from Italy. A new opera by Signor Romani, 'I Bacchianti di Roma,' produced at Florence,—a new opera by Signor Pacini, 'La Punizione,' at Venice,—a new opera by Signor Dominetti, 'La Maschera,' at Milan,—and a new opera by our clever townsman, Signor Biletta, 'L'Abazio di Kelso,' at Parma, the "run" of which has been interrupted by a more fearful and matter-of-fact Italian performance, the late assassination of the reigning sovereign:—such are the chief tidings. But Signor Rossini, we perceive by *La France Musicale*, has been anew publicly excusing his silence in a letter addressed to a Hungarian nobleman, which, like most of Rossini's letters, is *spirituelle* as regards himself, and spiteful in respect to his successors,—and Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul' is said to be in study at the *Conservatorio* at Milan,—and Mr. Balfe has been engaged by the *impresario* at Trieste to compose two operas for the autumn season of the current year.

M. Lepointre, the elder, long connected with the *vaudeville* theatres of Paris, has just died,—with regret, we add, by his own hand.—The foreign papers record, also, the death of M. Demunck, the Belgian artist, well known here as a meritorious violoncellist.

The annual meeting of the *General Theatrical Fund* was held on Monday, with Mr. Monckton Milnes in the chair. It seems to have gone off pleasantly—and profitably, too, the times considered.

Two musical *errata* must be noticed here, since both the misprints under correction are calculated to mislead. In our last number, p. 436, col. 1, line 40, in the notice of Sir John Hawkins's 'History of Music,' "pirated" is erroneously substituted for *printed*.—In p. 446, col. 3, May the 3rd is given as the date of the first concert of the gentlemen from Cologne,—May the 5th being the day fixed, we believe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—G. R. P.—C. P. M.—J. W.—J. R.—Bookworm—received.

A CONSTANT READER OF THE ATHENÆUM.—B. T. might by this time have known that the *Athenæum's* constancy is equal to his own; and have reflected that there are cases when selection is indispensable, however agreeable a reiteration of frequently recorded praise might be.

BOKING A. May, 1854.

موزن ري

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CCII

was published on Tuesday last.

Contents.

- I. MORMONISM.
- II. JOHN LOCKE—HIS CHARACTER AND PHILOSOPHY.
- III. HISTORY OF FRENCH PROTESTANT REFUGEES.
- IV. MOORE'S JOURNAL.
- V. THE NATIONAL GALLERY REPORT.
- VI. RECENT ITALIAN AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.
- VII. OPINIONS OF THE JUDGES ON CODIFICATION.
- VIII. CONSUMPTION OF FOOD IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

London: Longman and Co. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CLXXXVIII, is just published.

Contents.

- I. LAURENCE STERNE.
- II. SACRED GEOGRAPHY.
- III. LORD HOLLAND'S MEMOIRS OF THE WHIG PARTY.
- IV. THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.
- V. THE CRIMINAL LAW DIGEST.
- VI. WAAGEN'S TREASURES OF ART IN BRITAIN.
- VII. THE TURKS AND THE GREEKS.
- VIII. THE NEW REFORM BILL.

John Murray, Albemarle-street.

MURRAY'S RAILWAY READING.

This day, *feap.* 8vo. 6d.

A SECOND SERIES OF ESSAYS FROM 'THE TIMES': Being a Selection from the LITERARY PAPERS which have appeared in that Journal.

Contents.

- Lord Coke.
- Discoveries at Nineveh.
- Lord Mansfield.
- Lion Hunting in Africa.
- Jeremy Taylor.
- Lord Clarendon and his Friends.
- John Sterling.
- Autobiography of a Chartist.
- Americans in England.
- Francis Chantrey.
- Career of Lord Langdale.
- Afghanistan.
- The Greek Revolution.
- Dickens and Thackeray.

Also, uniform with the above,

ESSAYS FROM THE TIMES. 1st SERIES.

John Murray, Albemarle-street.

HADFIELD'S NEW WORK ON SOUTH AMERICA.

Shortly will be published, in 1 vol. large 8vo. 12s.

BRAZIL, the PLATE, and the FALKLANDS: with Cape Horn Route to Australia. Including Notices of Lisbon, Madeira, Canaries, and Cape Verde. By W. HADFIELD, many years resident in Brazil, and Secretary to the South American and General Steam Navigation Company. Illustrated, by permission, from the South American Sketches of Sir W. Gore Ouseley, late Minister Plenipotentiary to La Plata, and formerly Chargé d'Affaires at the Court of Brazil; and, by permission, from the Drawings of Sir C. Hotham, during his recent Mission to PARAGUAY, of which country much new information is supplied; as, also, of the AMAZON. Portraits, Maps, Charts, and Plans.

London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

ATTERBURY. By the Right Honourable THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

See ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

BLACK SEA. By LAWRENCE OLIPHANT, Esq.

See ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

BALANCE OF POWER. See ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

This day, crown 8vo. 8s.

A YEAR WITH THE TURKS. By WARINGTON SMYTH, M.A. With a Map, by J. W. Lowry.

London: John W. Parker & Son, West Strand.

This day, 8vo. 12s.

THE MEDITERRANEAN. A Memoir, Physical, Historical, and Nautical. By Rear-Admiral W. H. SMYTH, D.C.L., Foreign Secretary of the Royal Society.

By the same Author,

2 vols. 8vo. with numerous Illustrations, 3l. 2s.

CYCLE OF CELESTIAL OBJECTS.

London: John W. Parker & Son, West Strand.

LAMBERTS' COLOURED MAPS.

EUROPE (40 in. by 27), showing the BALTIC, the DANUBE, and the ASIATIC FRONTIER, 1s. 6d.; in case, 2s.

The BALTIC (40 in. by 27), 1s.; in case, 1s. 6d.

The BALTIC (24 in. by 17), 8d.

The SEAT OF WAR IN GREECE, on the DANUBE, and the CIRCASSIA (40 in. by 27), 1s.; in case, 1s. 6d.

Do. (24 in. by 17), 8d.

London: Dobbs, Kidd & Co. Edinburgh: Menzies. Newcastle: Lamberts; and all Booksellers.

SEAT OF WAR—MAPS.

THE BEST FOREIGN MAPS OF TURKEY, RUSSIA, the CAUCASUS, ASIA MINOR, on Sale at WILLIAMS & NORGATE'S, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

WEISS'S TURKEY, 22 Sheets, 3l. 16s.

KIEPERT'S TURKEY, 4 Sheets, 9s.

FRIED'S TURKEY, 6 Sheets, 10s.

MILITARY MAP OF RUSSIA, 16 Sheets, 63s.

ASIA MINOR, by KIEPERT, 6 Sheets, 21s.; 2 Sheets, 4s. 6d.; 1 Sheet, 2s. 6d.

A large assortment of Maps of the Seat of War from 1s. 6d. upwards.

Williams & Norgate, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

VILIKENS WALTZ, by LAURENT, as performed every evening at the Argyll Rooms, with the greatest possible success, is published this day, with a comic illustration by Brandard, price 3s.
Boosey & Sons, 25, Holles-street.

Fifth Edition, 3s. 6d.
LASEGUE'S FRENCH PROSE. After Ollendorf's System. Recommended by the Rev. T. K. ARNOLD, containing 132 Exercises—36 Notes (comparing the English Language with the French)—a Dictionary of 2,000 Words, frequently occurring in the Exercises, which may be written or done *à viva voce*, that no doubt can be left of the Student's success.—Also, **FRENCH ARTICULATION**; or, Gift of Fluency—by Verbs with Idiomatical Sentences, price 1s.
F. J. Rivington, 3, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

Just published, price 5s. 6d.
COLLEGIATE and PROFESSORIAL TEACHING and DISCIPLINE, in Answer to PROFESSOR VAUGHAN'S STRICTURES, chiefly as to the Charges against the Colleges of France and Germany.
By the Rev. E. B. FUSEY, D.D.
Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford and London: John Henry Parker; and Messrs. Rivington, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

Just published.
AHN—THE CHILD'S FRENCH BOOK.
12mo. 3s. cloth.
AHN—THE CHILD'S GERMAN BOOK.
12mo. 3s. cloth.

"No nursery ought to be without these useful and simple books."
Published by Mr. Franz Thimm, Foreign Bookseller, 3, Brook-street, Bond-street.

Just out, French in a Month.—The 36th edition, 3s. 6d. boards,
DE PORQUETS TRÉSOR, for Turning English into French at sight; Secrétaire for ditto, 3s. 6d.; Grammar, 3s. 6d.—Phrasology, 2s. 6d.—First Reading Book, 2s. 6d.—Dictionary, 5s.
London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

A List of 40 other Works for Italian, French, and German, by the same Author, may be had.

Price 10s. with a Portrait of the Author.
ENGLISH BATTLES and SIEGES in the PENINSULA and SOUTH of FRANCE, by Lieut.-Gen. SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.
Charles Westerton, Hyde Park-corner.

3rd edition, price 7s. 8d.
INDIAN MISGOVERNMENT.
By Lieut.-General SIR CHARLES NAPIER, G.C.B.
Edited by his Brother, Lieut.-General SIR WM. NAPIER, K.C.B.
Charles Westerton, Hyde Park-corner.

2nd edition, price 2s.; by post, 2s. 6d.
WELLINGTON and NAPIER:
a Reply by SIR WM. NAPIER, printed as a Supplement to 'INDIAN MISGOVERNMENT'.
Charles Westerton, Hyde Park-corner.

FIFTEENTH Thousand (Revised), price 1s.
THE RESULTS of the CENSUS of GREAT BRITAIN in 1851; with a Description of the MACHINERY and PROCESSES employed to obtain the RETURNS.
By EDWARD CHESHIRE, F.R.S.
"The contents have a lasting interest."—*Times*.
London: John W. Parker & Son, West Strand.
*Sole sold by all Booksellers; and at all Railway Stations.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.—The First Portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds of that great ornament of English literature, engraved in highly-finished Mezzotint by R. ZIEGLER, Esq., from the Original Picture in the possession of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ely. Size, 10 in. by 8 in. A very limited number of Proofs on India Paper, 1s. each.
R. Hoe, 14, King's-parade, Cambridge.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION of the FOUR GOSPELS, and the ACTS of the APOSTLES, on definite Rules of Translation, and an English version of the same. In Five Parts.
By HERMAN HEINTZNER.
Author of 'Rules for ascertaining the Sense conveyed in Ancient Greek Manuscripts.'
Craddock & Co. 45, Paternoster-row, London.

Just published, price 5s.
THE CONDITION and REQUIREMENTS of the PRESIDENCY of MADRAS: A Letter to ROBERT LOWE, Esq., Joint Secretary of the Board of Control, from JOHN BRUCE NORTON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.
Richardson Brothers, 23, Cornhill.

Published this day, price 1s.; or 1s. 4d. by post.
DECIMAL NUMERATION and DECIMAL COINAGE. By WILLIAM THOMAS THOMSON, F.R.S.E., F.S.A., Manager of the Standard Life Assurance Company (read before the Institute of Actuaries 30th January, 1854, and ordered by the Council to be printed).
William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

Just published, post 8vo. price 7s. 6d. cloth elegant.
BLUE JACKETS; or, Chips of the Old Block: a Narrative of the gallant Exploits of British Seamen, and of the principal Events in the Naval Service during the Reign of Queen Victoria. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
"An interesting book, on a subject of unusual interest at the present time."—*Athenæum*.
Grant & Griffiths, Corner of St. Paul's Churchyard.

Just published, Nos. 1 to 6, price 1s. each, to be completed in 15 Numbers.
FIRST LESSONS in DRAWING and DESIGN; or, Pencilled Copies and Easy Examples. For the Use of Schools, and intended as a Preparation for the Drawing Master. By GEORGE CARPENTER.
"For Class-work in large schools, the system is excellent."
London: Charles H. Law, School Library, 131, Fleet-street.

This day, 8vo. price 5s. 6d. illustrated with numerous Cases,
ON MENTAL and NERVOUS DISORDERS; more especially when arising from Functional Derangement of the Liver, Stomach, Heart, Womb, Kidneys, &c., or from pernicious habits of life. By ALFRED B. MADDOCK, M.D., formerly Resident Physician and Proprietor of the Malling Lunatic Asylum.
Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Stationers' Hall-court; H. Baillière, 215, Regent-street.

E. CHURTON'S BRITISH AND FOREIGN LIBRARY,

26, HOLLES-STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE.

Established 1827.

To this extensive Library a liberal supply of all the New Publications is at the command of Subscribers the day they issue from the press, and more copies are added whenever the demand exceeds the first calculation.

FOR A FAMILY,
From Two to TEN GUINEAS.

TERMS:

FOR A BOOK SOCIETY,
From SIX to ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS.

Library Boxes and Catalogues are provided, gratis, for the use of Subscribers.

Now ready, the NEW and IMPROVED EDITION, comprising all the restored passages, and numerous additional Notes and Letters, in 4 vols. demy 8vo. with Portraits, &c., price 10s. 6d. each, handsomely bound, of

SAMUEL PEPYS' DIARY and CORRESPONDENCE.

"The most remarkable production of its kind which has ever been given to the world."—*Edinburgh Review*.
"That incomparable book—Lord Braybrooke's 'Diary and Correspondence of Pepys.'"—*Athenæum*.
"The preceding edition being exhausted, our friend Mr. Pepys comes again before the world in a new dress, even more convenient than the last. The 'Diary' is now included in four volumes demy octavo; by which change space is afforded for a good deal of fresh illustration by the editor. Lord Braybrooke has not only duly revised and corrected the last edition, but has found room for many fresh notes and illustrations, and has been able to add to the Correspondence several letters hitherto unpublished. It is now an admirably edited book, carefully and worthily presented in all ways, and truly deserving of the place which it ought to find on all well-furnished book-shelves."—*Examiner*.

Published for HENRY COLBURN, by his Successors, HURST & BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

THE AUTHOR OF 'THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE.'

Now ready, in 3 vols. with Illustrations on Steel by LEECH,

THE GREAT HIGHWAY: A STORY OF THE WORLD'S STRUGGLES.

By S. W. FULLOM,

Author of 'THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE.'

London: LONGMAN & CO.

NEW TALE BY MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

On the 15th of April was published, in 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS,' the Third Portion of

A NEW WORK OF FICTION,

CALLED

HARD TIMES. By CHARLES DICKENS.

The publication of this Story will be continued in 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS' from Week to Week, and completed in Five Months.

Price of each Weekly Number of 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS,' (containing, besides, the usual variety of matter,) Twopence; or stamped, Threepence.

'HOUSEHOLD WORDS,' CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS, is published also in Monthly Parts and in Half-yearly Volumes.

OFFICE, 16, Wellington-street North, Strand.

Just published, price 21s.

NORWAY AND ITS GLACIERS VISITED in 1851;

Followed by JOURNALS of EXCURSIONS in the HIGH ALPS of DAUPHINÉ, BERNE, and SAVOY, including the ASCENT of the JUNGFRAU.

By JAMES D. FORBES, D.C.L. F.R.S., Sec. R.S. Ed.

Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, and of other Academies, and Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

With Two Maps, Ten Lithographic Views printed in Colours by Day & Son, and Twenty-two Wood Engravings.

"We close this rapid glance at Professor Forbes's book not without regret; for the volume is printed and illustrated in a style worthy of its most interesting contents; and while it deserves a place on the shelves of a philosopher, is fit for the drawing-room of a duchess."—*FRAZER'S MAGAZINE*, April.

Edinburgh: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK.

SEAT OF WAR.

TURKEY, RUSSIA, THE BALTIC, DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES,

And all the places, even those of minor importance, to which attention is now directed by the WAR in the EAST, are contained in

BLACK'S GENERAL ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

Folio, half-bound morocco, gilt leaves, with upwards of Seventy Maps, Coloured, and a Complete Index.

Price 56s.

Sold by all Booksellers.

THE SEAT OF WAR IN ASIA.

This day, with Map and Woodcuts, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ARMENIA AND ERZERROOM.

A YEAR ON THE FRONTIERS OF RUSSIA, TURKEY, AND PERSIA.

By the Hon. ROBERT CURZON,

Author of 'Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant.'

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

NEW WORK BY DEAN MILMAN.

Now ready, Vols. I. to III. 8vo. 36s.

HISTORY OF LATIN CHRISTIANITY,

Including that of the POPES to the PONTIFICATE of NICHOLAS V.

By HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D.

Dean of St. Paul's.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

DR. HOOKER'S HIMALAYAN JOURNALS.

This day, with Maps, Plates, and 80 Woodcuts, 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.

NOTES OF AN ORIENTAL NATURALIST,

In BENGAL, the SIKKIM and NEPAL HIMALAYAS, the KHASIA MOUNTAINS, &c.

By JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER, M.D. R.N. F.R.S.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

MR. THOMAS TATE'S DRAWING BOOKS.

Now ready, in post 4to. price, in cloth, 5s. 6d.

DRAWING FOR SCHOOLS:

Containing Expositions of the Method of Teaching Drawing in Schools; a full Explanation of the Practice of Model Drawing after the Method of Dupuis, as first practised at the Battersea Training College; the Principles and Practice of Outline and Perspective Drawing; and numerous Illustrations and Drawing Exercises.

By THOMAS TATE, F.R.A.S.

Of Kneller Training College, Twickenham.

Also, in post 4to. price, sewed, 1s. 6d.

DRAWING-BOOK FOR LITTLE BOYS and GIRLS: Con-

taining upwards of One Hundred and Thirty Drawing Exercises of Geometrical and Familiar Objects; together with numerous Illustrations of their Methods of Construction.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

In fcap. 8vo. price 10s. each, cloth; 12s. roan; or 12s. 6d. calf,

MAUNDER'S TREASURY OF NATURAL HISTORY;

Or, A POPULAR DICTIONARY OF ANIMATED NATURE:

In which the Zoological Characteristics that distinguish the different Classes, Genera, and Species, are combined with a variety of interesting Information illustrative of the Habits, Instincts, and general Economy of the Animal Kingdom; with a Syllabus of Practical Taxidermy, and a Glossarial Appendix. A New Edition, with Corrections.

Also, all uniform in size, and price 10s. each,

MAUNDER'S HISTORICAL TREASURY;
MAUNDER'S BIOGRAPHICAL TREASURY;
MAUNDER'S TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE; and
SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY TREASURY.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF MR. MC'ULLOCH'S ACCOUNT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Now ready, the Fourth Edition, revised, with an Appendix of Tables, in 2 vols. 8vo. price Two Guineas,

A DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE;

Exhibiting its Extent, Physical Capacities, Population, Industry, and Civil and Religious Institutions.

By J. R. MC'ULLOCH, Esq.

Notice to the Fourth Edition.—"The greater number of the Statements in this Edition have been revised and made applicable to the present time. It is also enriched with a Series of Statistical Tables, carefully compiled by Mr. T. G. DARTON, which comprise a great many interesting details."—*March, 1854.*

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

THIS DAY.

JULIAN; or, the Close of an Era. By L. F. BUNGENER. 2 vols. fcap. cloth, 10s. 6d.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN CENTRAL AMERICA, CHIAPAS, and YUCATAN. By J. L. STEPHENS. With numerous Engravings. Revised from the latest American edition, with Additions, by F. Catherwood. 8vo. cloth, 12s.

JACK and the TANNER of WYMONDHAM. A Tale of the Time of Edward the Sixth. By the Author of 'Mary Powell.' With Frontispiece. 1s. 6d. cloth. *Railway Reading.*

A PORTRAITURE of the Rev. W. JAY, of Bath. By the Rev. THOMAS WALLACE. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

EVENINGS IN MY TENT; or, Wanderings in the African Sahara. By Rev. N. DAVIS, F.R.S.E. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. post 8vo. cloth.

NAOMI; or, the Last Days of Jerusalem. By Mrs. WEBB. A New Edition, with Designs by John Gilbert. Fcap. cloth, 7s. 6d.

DR. CUMMING'S NEW WORK. THE TENT and the ALTAR; or, Sketches from Patriarchal Life. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. In fcap. handsomely gilt. Uniform with 'Apocalyptic Sketches.'

THE PILGRIM FATHERS. By W. H. BARTLETT. Second Edition. With 38 Illustrations on Steel, and numerous Woodcuts. Super-royal 8vo. price 12s. cloth, 21s. morocco extra.

CHERRY and VIOLET; a Tale of the Great Plague. By the Author of 'Mary Powell.' Second Edition. Price 7s. 6d. cloth, antique.

Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co. 25, Paternoster-row.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BANKING COMPANY. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1847.—The Court of Directors grant LETTERS OF CREDIT and BILLS at thirty days' sight upon the Company's Bank at Adelaide. The exchange on sums above 10l. is now at a premium or charge of 2 per cent. Approved drafts on South Australia negotiated, and Bills collected. Apply at the Company's office, 64, Old Broad-street, London. **WILLIAM PURDY, Manager.** London, April 1, 1854.

MITRE GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE. The business of this Association embraces the granting of Life Assurances of every kind; and of immediate, Deferred, and Increasing Annuities upon a new principle. The Directors continue to receive applications from respectable parties (accompanied with references) for the Agency of the Institution, in various Towns of England and Scotland, where Agents have not yet been appointed. The Commission allowed is highly remunerative. For detailed prospectuses, apply to 23, Pall Mall, London. **W. BRIDGES, Secretary.**

FAMILY ENDOWMENT, LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY SOCIETY, 13, Chatham-place, Blackfriars, London. CAPITAL £500,000.

Directors.
 William Butterworth Bayley, Esq. *Chairman.*
 John Fuller, Esq. *Deputy-Chairman.*
 Lewis Burroughs, Esq. Edward Lee, Esq.
 Robert Bruce Chichester, Esq. Colonel Cussey.
 Major Henderson. John Turner, Esq.
 C. H. Latouche, Esq. Joshua Walker, Esq.
 The BONUS for the present year is the same as that declared last year, viz.: Twenty per Cent. in reduction of the Premium to parties who have made Five Annual Payments or more on the Profit Scale.
 Endowments and Annuities granted as usual.

INDIA BRANCH.
 The Society has Branch Establishments at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.
 Tables of Rates, both English and Indian, can be had on application at the Office. **JOHN CAZENOVE, Secretary.**

UNION ASSURANCE SOCIETY, (FIRE, LIFE, and ANNUITIES). Offices, Cornhill, and 70, Baker-street, London; College-green, Dublin; Grosvenor-street, Edinburgh; Exchange-street West, and Titchborne-street, Liverpool; North Nelson-street, Edinburgh. Instituted in the reign of Queen Anne, A.D. 1714.

Directors, &c.
Chairman—JAMES BENTLEY, Esq.
Deputy-Chairman—STEPHEN WILSON, Esq.
 Thomas Bodley, Esq. John Paynter, Esq.
 Nicholas Charnutt, Esq. John Rogers, Esq.
 S. Preston Child, Esq. Henry Rutt, Esq.
 William Gilpin, Esq. George Spencer Smith, Esq.
 John Hilbert, Esq. Henry Aldwin Soames, Esq.
 Thomas Mills, Esq. M.P. Richard Horsman Solly, Esq.
 J. Remington Mills, Esq. Samuel Wilson, Esq. Ald.
 John Morley, Esq.

THOMAS LEWIS, Secretary.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LONDON.**SHARE OF PROFIT INCREASED FROM ONE-HALF TO FOUR-FIFTHS.**

Policies effected with this Society after Midsummer, 1850, and remaining in force at each Septennial period of division, will participate in FOUR-FIFTHS of the Net Profits of the Society accruing after Midsummer, 1850, in proportion to their contributions to those profits, and according to the conditions contained in the Society's Prospectus.
 The Premiums required by this Society for insuring young lives are lower than in many other old-established offices, and insurers are fully protected from all risk by a simple guarantee fund in addition to the accumulated funds derived from the Investments of Premiums.
 Policy Stamps paid by the Office.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the Office in Threadneedle-street, London, or of any of the Agents of the Society.
CHARLES HENRY LIDDESDALE, Actuary.

Branch Establishments:—
LONDON, 46, King William street, City;
LIVERPOOL, at Cook-street;
MANCHESTER, at Duce-place;
DUDLEY, at the Burnt Tree;
GLASGOW, at 119, St. Vincent street;
DUBLIN, at 1, Crampton-quay;
BIRMINGHAM, at Market Hall;
SOUTH WALSLEY, at 15, King street, Bristol.

Messrs. ALLSOPP & SONS take the opportunity of announcing to PRIVATE FAMILIES that their ALES, so strongly recommended by the medical profession, may be procured in BOTTLES marked with the following RESPECTABLE LICENSED VITUALLERS, on "ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE" being especially asked for.

When purchasing the genuineness of the label can be ascertained by its having "ALLSOPP & SONS" written across it.

THE mended
(Gentry for the
the Trade for
& Co. Ltd.,
£ 62. 4s. 3d. per lb.
throughout
Agents wa

DUTY
April 1st
at per pound
GENTRY & CO.
No. 62, Abchurch
& Co. Ltd.,
£ 62. 4s. 3d. per lb.
powder, 5s.
Prince
Best Oil
Supers
All goods
or upwards
King Wil
free-on

NU
RIGHT-
PRICE OF
in the Mar
the Wille
purchaser
in point of
we supply
the follow
to the major
Strong and

Strong right-
your B. H.

And H
NU

HAR
some
genuine in
of the
ZENBY O
LAKED W
E. LAZAR
the manu
Manufact
ware-stre

NEW
all
ware—The
to annou
sim of the
SEKT, A
mation
Shawl, Co
shawls, d
Churches
B. H.

THE
of W
New C
CRP
printing,
matte
B. H.

BUY
B. H.
SAVING 5s.

M
in
in cutting
matte
don, ONL
centre of

THE
THE
H
HEM
requireme
to be rev
to be rev

ONE
Japanese
on oak, a
tree b
tree b
Berrante
of the
& SON'S
STEADFA
Tottenham

CAR
B. H.
compr
place B
SHIFF
S. PAT
are very
of the
Paul's C
best-stre

ing, had a wound in his leg, which was much swollen and inflamed. Various means were used for the purpose of curing it, but all failed, and the wound was of that nature that the medical men gave up of saving it. In the evening Mr. Roberts, of Bristol, came to the same place, advised his mother to use **Bell's Ointment and Pills**, which medicine had a most miraculous effect, for in a short time the leg was completely cured, leaving neither spot nor blemish.—Sold by all Druggists and at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244, Strand, London.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & CO.'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Immediately, in post 8vo. price 6s. cloth gilt.

Captain SPENCER'S NEW WORK

on TURKEY, RUSSIA, CIRCASSIA, and the BLACK SEA. Illustrated with upwards of 50 Engravings of the most celebrated Scenes of the present War, and 4 Illustrations printed in Colours of THE SULTAN, EMPEROR NICOLAS, SCHAMYL, CIRCASSIA LADY, with a Map of the Seat of War.

This work, which has been a long time in preparation, will be the most correct and important work that has appeared on the seat of war, Capt. Spencer having visited all the places described, and passed many years in those countries, which are now, from the events passing, fraught with so intense an interest.

Now complete, in 1 vol. 8vo. price 10s. 6d. cloth lettered.

ROUTLEDGE'S ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF POULTRY.

Edited by MARTIN DOYLE. With numerous Woodcuts, and 50 large Illustrations, drawn from Nature by C. H. WIGGALL, engraved and printed in Colours by W. DICKES & Co.

The following Contents show the practical nature of the work: Selection of Stock. Poultry-Houses, and their Position. Proper Way of Housing Poultry. Methods of Fattening. Diseases to which Poultry are liable. Egyptian Mode of Hatching. Best Modes of Feeding.

This work also comprises the treatment for Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Teal, &c. &c., and to all Poultry Keepers will be invaluable, as it will save them ten times its price every year. It is the most useful, practical, and complete book that has ever been issued on Domestic Poultry.

Cloth cases for binding the Numbers may be obtained, price 1s. 6d.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ROMANCE OF WAR,' &c.

Now ready at all the Libraries.

PHILIP ROLLO; or, the Scottish Musketeers.

By JAMES GRANT, Author of 'Romance of War,' 'Aide-de-Camp,' &c.

'Philip Rollo' is drawn with a masterly hand; the hero stands out boldly from the canvas; and the love story interwoven is so full of romantic feeling, that it must be highly popular with all classes. We think it is Mr. Grant's best work, and will surpass in popularity even his 'Romance of War.'—*Acres of the World.*

CHEAP STANDARD EDITION OF SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Uniformly printed in crown 8vo. and bound in cloth.

RENZELI.....	3	NIGHT AND MORNING.....	4
PAUL CLIFFORD.....	3	ERNEST MALTRAVERS.....	3
ELHAM.....	3	ALICE; or, the Mystery.....	3
EUGENE ARAM. A Tale.....	3	THE DISOWNED.....	3
LAST OF THE BARONS.....	3	DEVEREUX.....	3
LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.....	3	ZANONI.....	3
GOLDOLPHIN.....	3	LELIA.....	3
PHILIPPS of the.....	3	HAROLD.....	4
RINK.....	3	LAURENCE.....	4

THE CATSTON and MY NOVEL will complete the Series, of which timely notice will be given.

The odd Numbers and Parts may always be obtained.

BEST POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY PUBLISHED.

In post 8vo. price 1s. 6d. cloth gilt.

WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY.

With 450 Engravings, designed expressly for this work by Wm. HANVELL. Printed on tinted paper. Its principal features—1st. Its accuracy of information. 2nd. Its systematic arrangement. 3rd. Illustrations executed expressly for the work, and strictly correct. 4th. New and authentic anecdotes, which render it the most correct and beautiful volume that has ever appeared on the subject of Natural History in a popular form.

NEW BOOK FOR GIRLS.

In fcap. 8vo. price 3s. 6d. cloth lettered.

HEROINES OF HISTORY.

By Mrs. GWEN. Illustrated by JOHN GILBERT. Comprising Sketches of the following distinguished Females mentioned in History:—Semiramis, Cleopatra, Boadicea, Zenobia, Joan of Montfort, Margaret of Anjou, Catherine de Medici, Mary Stuart, Madame de Maintenon, Marie Antoinette.

"Forms a most appropriate present for a young lady."

EDITED BY THE REV. R. A. WILLMOTT.

Price 5s. cloth antique or gilt.

HERBERTS (GEORGE) WORKS

in PROSE and VERSE. With an Introduction and Notes. Printed in antique type, and Illustrated. Forming the New Volume of Routledge's Series of the Poets, now Edited by the Rev. R. A. WILLMOTT.

THE BEST EDITION OF WHITE'S SELBORNE.

In 1 vol. price 5s. cloth gilt.

WHITE'S SELBORNE.

Edited by the Rev. J. G. WOOD, Author of the 'Illustrated Natural History.' With upwards of 200 Engravings, from designs by W. HANVELL, and numerous Notes by the Editor. Printed on tinted paper.

Neither expense or trouble has been spared in producing this edition, which is universally allowed to be the best and most correct of this charming work. In ordering, be pleased to specify 'Wood's Edition.'

UNIFORM ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF AINSWORTH'S WORKS.

In 8vo. price 6s. cloth lettered.

LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH. A New Edition. Illustrated by JOHN GILBERT.

In 1 vol. post 8vo. price 3s. cloth lettered.

BONNECHOSE'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

The first English Edition. Translated by W. ROBINSON, Esq., Translator of the last and best history of the Crusades, &c. With a New Physical Map and very complete Index.

"We recommend this excellent volume as a compendious, correct, and serviceable History of France."—*Morning Advertiser.*

In 3 vols. post 8vo. price 15s. cloth lettered.

MICHAUD'S HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES.

The first English Edition. Translated from the French, with Notes, Memoir, and Preface, by W. ROBINSON.

"Michaud is faithful, accurate, and learned; his mind is lofty and generous, and exactly suitable to the proper filling up of a history of the Crusades."—*ALISON. (Blackwood's Magazine.)*

In 1 vol. price 3s. cloth gilt.

THE HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA.

By CHARLES MAC FARLANE. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. With Copious Notes. A New Edition, with Illustrations.

"The book is well written, like all Mr. Mac Farlane's works."—*Globe.*

In 2 vols. fcap. 8vo. price 3s. 6d. cloth lettered.

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF AMERICA.

From the Discovery of the American Continent, and its Earliest Colonization, to the War of Independence.

"Among the historians of the United States, we give to Mr. Bancroft the first place."—*Westminster Review.*

THE BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

In 1 vol. price 4s. 6d. cloth lettered.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY,

from the Battle of Crecy to the late Indian Campaigns. By CHARLES M. FARLANE, and Illustrated by W. HANVELL.

"A state of war, in itself, a state of evil. We wish not for it; we would fain avoid it—we would be at peace, could we so be with honour and security to ourselves. But whether in war, or in the most profound peace, let us never neglect to encourage and maintain a military aptitude and spirit in the people."

Speech of Hon. W. Windham, in the House of Commons.

AMUSEMENT WHILE TRAVELLING.

THE RAILWAY LIBRARY.

Price 1s. each, boards.

1 Cooper's Pilot.....	45	Bracken's (Mrs.) Self-Control	2s.
2 Carleton's Jane Sinclair.....	44	45 Crowe's (Mrs.) Night-Side	2s.
3 Cooper's Last of the Mohicans.....	46	46 Mallard's Zingra the Gipsy	2s.
4 Cooper's Pioneers.....	47	47 Murray's (Capt.) Valerie	2s.
5 Cooper's Spy.....	48	48 Harris's Martin Beck, 1s. 6d.	
6 Austen's (Miss) Sense and Sensibility.....	49	49 Curling's Soldier of Fortune	2s.
10 Austen's (Miss) Pride and Prejudice.....	50	50 Crowe's Susan Hopley, 1s. 6d.	
11 McCutcheon's (Miss) Charms and Counter-Charms.....	51	51 Goldenhill's (Miss) Violet	2s.
12 Cooper's Lionel Lincoln.....	52	52 Ward's (Mrs.) Helen Charteris	2s.
13 Carleton's Clarionet, &c.....	53	53 34 Whitehall, by the Author	of 'Whitefriars,' 2s.
14 Gleig's (G. R.) Light Dragoon.....	54	54 Recitab's Polish Lancer,	1s. 6d.
15 Mackay's Knight.....	55	55 Grey's Passion and Principle	2s.
16 Sedgwick's (Miss) Howie Leslie	56	56 Mallard's Compulsory Marriage	2s.
17 Crowe's (Mrs.) Lily Dawson	57	57 Dorset's Woodree Manor	2s.
18 James's (G. F. R.) Park Scenes of History.....	58	58 Scott's (Lady) The Henpecked Husband	2s.
21, 22 Grant's Romance of War, 2s.	59	59 Dunne's Three Musketeers, 1s. 6d.	
23 De Vigny's Cinq Mars.....	60	60 Kingston's Albatross	2s.
24 Grey's (Mrs.) The Little Wife	61	61 Johnston's (Mrs.) Under Castle	2s.
25 Dupuy's (Miss) The Conspiracy.....	62	62 Ainsworth's Rookwood, 1s. 6d.	
26, 27 Grant's Aide-de-Camp, 2s.	63	63 Godwin's Caleb Williams	2s.
28, 29 Whitefriars, by the Author	64	64 Ainsworth's St. James's	2s.
30 'Whitehall,' 2s.	65	65 Cesar Borgia, by the Author	of 'Whitefriars,' 2s.
31 Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter	66	66 Porter's Scotch Soldier	2s.
32 Hawthorne's House of the Seven Gables.....	67	67 Rockingham, by the Author	of 'Electra,' 2s.
33 Porter's Knight of St. John.....	68	68 Porter's Thaddeus of Warsaw, 1s. 6d.	
34 Ward's (Mrs.) Jasper Lyle	69	69 Bulwer's Pelham, 1s. 6d.	
35 Adelaide Lindsay, edited by the Author of 'Emilia Wyndham'.....	70	70 Ainsworth's Crichton, 1s. 6d.	
36, 37 Grant's Scottish Cavalier, 2s.	71	71 Bulwer's Paul Clifford, 1s. 6d.	
38 McIntosh's Grace and Isabel	72	72 Gore's (Mrs.) Money Lender	2s.
39 Porter's Recluse of Norway	73	73 Bulwer's Eugene Aram, 1s. 6d.	
40 Stewart's (Miss) Lillias Davernant.....	74	74 Hannay's Singleton Fontenoy, 1s. 6d.	
41 Goldschmidt's Jew of Denmark.....	75	75 Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii, 1s. 6d.	
42 Brunton's (Mrs.) Discipline.....			

Who has not felt the want, when on the ocean or in the railway carriage, of some truly interesting book, to dispel the monotony of the one and the tediousness of the other? In 'The Railway Library' this want is amply supplied, and at as low a rate as only a few years since would have been paid for the mere reading. Our advice to every one going abroad or travelling at home is, never to commence a journey without a volume in the pocket and a supply in their portmanteau of 'The Railway Library.'

Bell's Messenger.

BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY.—NEW VOLUME.

Price 1s. served.

CAGE AND SINGING BIRDS.

By H. G. ADAMS. How to Catch, Rear, and Breed them; with every information respecting their Treatment in Health and Disease. With Illustrations.

Also, uniform, in this Series,

THE HORSE. By W. Youatt.	CATTLE, their Varieties. By W. Martin.
SHEEP. By W. Martin.	CATTLE, their History. By W. Martin.
BEES. By Rev. J. G. Wood.	POULTRY YARD. By W. Martin.
PIG. By W. Martin.	
DICTIONARY OF THE FARM.	

4 Parts.

LONDON: 2, FARRINGTON-STREET.

Now ready at all Libraries.

WALTER HURST; or, Early Struggles at the Bar.

By WALTER GREVILLE PELHAM. "Walter Hurst" has great power. The 'profession' will probably contend that the book is an exaggeration; but we are inclined to think that, like Mr. Warren's legal scenes in 'Ten Thousand a Year,' they are far more closely allied to fact than to fiction. See *Bell's Messenger* Colours.

SIR CHARLES NAPEIR, "the great man."—See 'Singleton Fontenoy'

SINGLETON FONTENOY. By JAMES HANNAY.

"Since Marryat's day, 'Singleton Fontenoy' is decidedly the best Nautical Novel; and we are not surprised at its success just now. One of the characters is a hero of the hour—none other than 'Old Charley' himself. If Tom Cringle had given us his Medley in variety of matter and freshness of style. His sarcastic and manly English style recalls to us both Thackeray and Cobbett."—*The Press.*

ROUTLEDGE'S NEW CHEAP SERIES.

"In 1848, Messrs. Routledge started 'The Railway Library' and meeting with instant success extended their operations in every direction. The books of the Messrs. Routledge are daily assuming a higher character; but they still look for success to a large sale, and appeal invariably to the pockets of the many."

The Times, on Literature for the People, Feb. 8, 1854.

NEW WORK ON RUSSIA.

Price 1s. boards.

RUSSIA AS IT IS.

By J. R. M. RELL, Author of 'Aleria,' With a Map of the Baltic, and a new Colour, printed in Colours, from designs by ALFRED CROWQUILL, Fcap. 8vo.

In this volume will be found the geography, the productions, and military power of Russia, with a full and accurate account of his Court, and every information that is now so much required by all who take an interest in this important country."

NEW NAVAL STORY.

Price 1s. in fancy boards.

THE MIDSHIPMAN; or, Twelve Years at Sea.

By the Rev. F. A. MANT, late of the Royal Navy. Price 8vo. fancy cover, in boards, from designs by ALFRED CROWQUILL, Fcap. 8vo.

"A work containing scenes as humorous as any to be found in Marryat's earlier novels, blended with the truthfulness of description that is so charming in 'Tom Cringle's Log.' Mention is made of many of the ships and officers that are now engaged either in the Black Sea or the Baltic Fleet; and it cannot but prove a most interesting volume at the present crisis."

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN SUPERSEDED BY 'THE LAMPLIGHTER.'

Price 1s. 6d. in fancy cover.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

"This extraordinary work has been received by the united press, and is generally, with great favour. Twenty thousand copies have already been disposed of in less than three weeks, and it is selling the same number of Mr. Stowe's famous fiction. The character of Little Geste is equal to any of Charles Dickens' Sketches."—*Daily Advertiser, Boston.*

The HOBBS' and the DOBBS'; or, Dress-makers and Dress-wearers.

"Is full of individual character of every-day life; and the scenes described are such as to form matter of interest to many in the middle and humbler classes of society. The life and adventures of the personages are conducted with such 'point a moral' as well as 'adorn a tale.'"—*Sunday Times.*

A BUNDLE OF CROWQUILLS.

Price 1s. in boards.

dropped by ALFRED CROWQUILL in his Eccentric Flights over the Field of Literature.

INDIA. By J. H. STOCQUER. With Eight Illustrations.

Contains—India, her History—Government—Routes—Advice to Emigrants—European Life—Travelling—Vegetable Productions—Coins—Weights—Measures—Fruits—Climate—Wild Sports—Religious Ceremonies—Chief Towns, with a Description of Ceylon.

WAGES AND LABOUR: Being a Treatise on the circumstances which determine the Rate of Wages and the Condition of the Labouring Classes; including an Inquiry into the Influence of Combinations.

By J. R. McCULLOCH, Esq. Author of the 'Commercial Dictionary.' "A book that at the present time cannot fail to be interesting to all who take an interest in this momentous subject."

REMINISCENCES OF A RETIRED PHYSICIAN.

Containing the following Sketches—"The Insane Family—The Sailor—The Poor Artist—Mysterious Patient—Death-bed of the Spendthrift—The Merchant's Daughter—The Forsaken—The Bonnamy—The Actor—Death-bed of a Miser." "An extraordinary work. The tales are fully equal to Warren's 'Diary of a Physician.'"

SIR ROLAND ASHTON. By LADY CATHERINE LONG. A Tale of the Times.

"The Publishers have been induced to add this well-known and valuable work to their Cheap Series, in the full conviction that the talent it displays, no less than the principles it inculcates, will secure for it a popularity quite as extensive as that which has been accorded to 'Queechy' or the 'Wide, Wide World,' to either of which books it forms an admirable companion volume."